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No. 111 June '67

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NUMBER 111 JUNE 1967

MAD

"A clock-watcher is liable to wind up as just another one of the hands!"
—Alfred E. Neuman

WILLIAM M. GAINES *publisher* ALBERT B. FELDSTEIN *editor*
JOHN PUTNAM *art director* LEONARD BRENNER *production*
JERRY DE FUCCIO, NICK MEGLIN *associate editors*

GLORIA ORLANDO, CELIA MORELLI, RICHARD GRILLO *subscriptions*
CONTRIBUTING ARTISTS AND WRITERS
the usual gang of idiots

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MAD—June 1967 Vol. 1, Number 111, is published monthly except February, May, August and November, by E. C. Publications, Inc., 485 MADison Avenue, New York, N. Y. 10022. Second Class Postage paid at New York, N. Y. Subscriptions: In the U.S.A., 21 issues $5.00. Outside U.S.A., 21 issues $6.25. Allow 8 weeks for change of address to become effective. Entire contents copyright © 1967 by E. C. Publications, Inc. The Publisher and Editors will not be responsible for unsolicited manuscripts and request all manuscripts to be accompanied by a stamped self-addressed return envelope. The names of characters used in all MAD fiction and semi-fiction are fictitious. A similarity without satiric purpose to a living person is a coincidence.
Printed in U.S.A.

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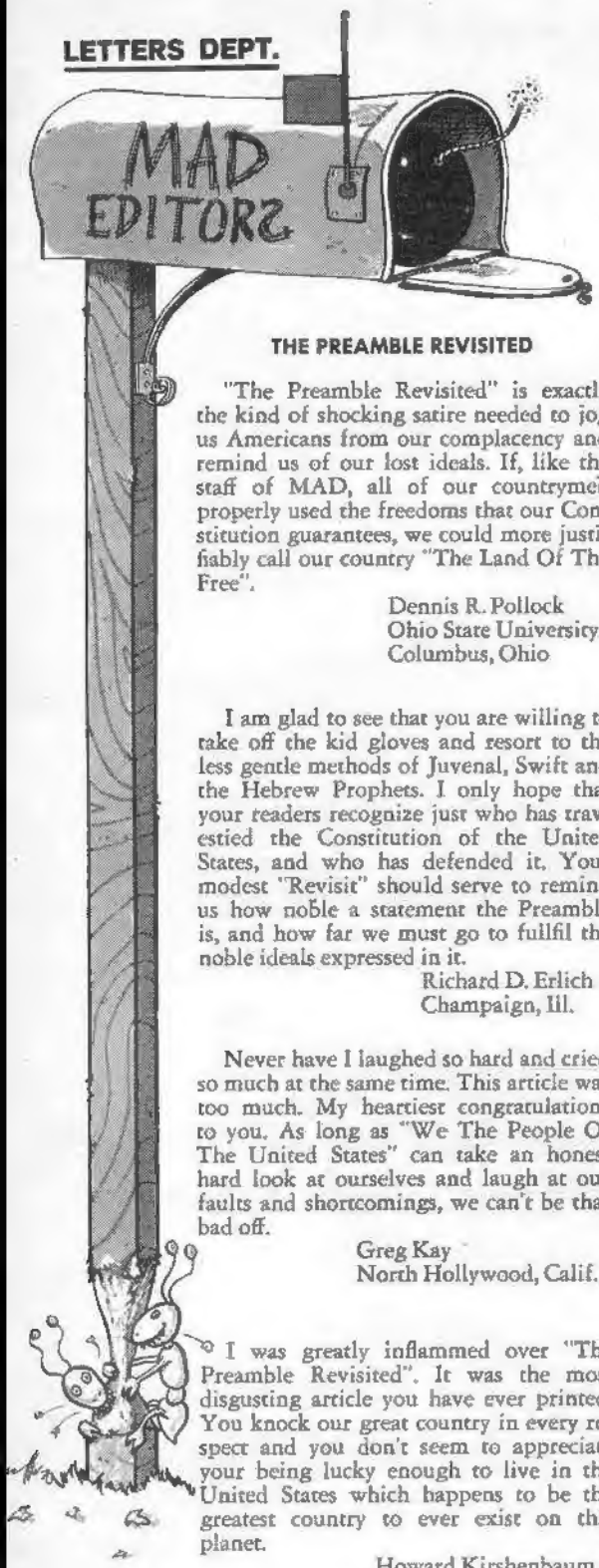

THE PREAMBLE REVISITED

"The Preamble Revisited" is exactly the kind of shocking satire needed to jog us Americans from our complacency and remind us of our lost ideals. If, like the staff of MAD, all of our countrymen properly used the freedoms that our Constitution guarantees, we could more justifiably call our country "The Land Of The Free".

Dennis R. Pollock
Ohio State University
Columbus, Ohio

I am glad to see that you are willing to take off the kid gloves and resort to the less gentle methods of Juvenal, Swift and the Hebrew Prophets. I only hope that your readers recognize just who has travestied the Constitution of the United States, and who has defended it. Your modest "Revisit" should serve to remind us how noble a statement the Preamble is, and how far we must go to fullfil the noble ideals expressed in it.

Richard D. Erlich
Champaign, Ill.

Never have I laughed so hard and cried so much at the same time. This article was too much. My heartiest congratulations to you. As long as "We The People Of The United States" can take an honest hard look at ourselves and laugh at our faults and shortcomings, we can't be that bad off.

Greg Kay
North Hollywood, Calif.

I was greatly inflammed over "The Preamble Revisited". It was the most disgusting article you have ever printed. You knock our great country in every respect and you don't seem to appreciate your being lucky enough to live in the United States which happens to be the greatest country to ever exist on this planet.

Howard Kirshenbaum
Flushing, N.Y.

"The Preamble Revisited" was a work of art and expression of truth. I salute your ingenious insight into our "Great Society".

Christine Ellis
Pueblo, Colo.

One of the sharpest comments you have ever made in your wonderful magazine.

Nathan Rozansky
Yonkers, N.Y.

Being a loyal American and a Southerner, I cannot help but take offense at "The Preamble Revisited". There are some things that should be treated with discreetness, rather than mocked in a satire magazine.

Anne Swanson
McDonough, Ga.

Beautiful! An absolute masterpiece! I may not agree with all of your articles, but I do admire your courage and daring. MAD, more than any other magazine or newspaper, represents one of our most precious freedoms, that of the Press.

Rosalind Sorbello
New Cumberland, Pa.

If you can't find anything better to satirize than the Preamble, then you must really be scraping the bottom of the barrel. We DO have our freedoms and rights, but an article like this shows disrespect for what our country stands for.

Mary Waters
Urbana, Ill.

Although your magazine has achieved excellence many times, I feel that you have outdone yourselves and rendered America a great service by publishing "The Preamble Revisited". It shows clearly what America is today, not what it was meant to be.

Dennis W. Staples
Anderson, Calif.

What ever happened to the "humor" in MAD? "The Preamble Revisited" is an example of the type of "hate literature" you've been turning out lately. I felt it was revolting.

Elliott W. McDonald
Bowesmont, N.D.

The most startling article I have seen in any magazine in a long time. Thanks to MAD and Max Brandel for this ominous eye-opener. I know it will awaken many readers, but let's hope it activates them.

Chris Donovan
Seaside, Calif.

"The Preamble Revisited" is one of the most unusual pieces of classic satire ever published. It should be framed and hung in the Smithsonian Institute. My congratulations, gentlemen.

Jackie M. Ward
Norfolk, Va.

After reading "The Preamble Revisited" I will never again doubt the value of your magazine. The article was distressingly realistic and thought-provoking.

John Kendall
Denver, Colo.

It deserves a Pulitzer Prize.

Julia Sutherland
New York City

ADVERTISING ENDORSEMENTS

Your article "Advertising Endorsements We'll Probably Never Get To See" was superb. It never ceases to amaze me how "the usual gang of idiots" can keep on creating such clever and cutting satirical masterpieces.

Rod Egan
Menomonie, Wisc.

In the seven years that I have been reading MAD, I have never been offended by an article in your superior magazine. In fact, I have often been amused by the indignation and outrage with which many of your readers have greeted satirical articles. However, I was shocked at the poor taste displayed in the March issue in the article "Advertising Endorsements We'll Never Get To See". I feel that an apology to Mr. & Mrs. Sammy Davis is in order.

Alan Sirota
University of Mass.
Amherst, Mass.

In reference to your "Advertising Endorsements" article, please be advised that Dean Martin HAS advertised milk. A picture of this ad is rather conspicuously displayed at the Hawthorn-Mellody Farms, Libertyville, Ill. What happens to writers who make this type of mistake in their research?

William S. T. Holcomb
Waukegan, Ill.

We exile them to Hawthorn-Mellody Farms, Libertyville, Ill.—Ed.

ANNOUNCEMENT FOR EVERYTHING

Miss Victoria Vaughn
of Torrance, California
is Happy to Announce that
The Editors and Writers
of MAD Magazine
Have Completely Flipped
as Evidenced by the Article:
"Announcements For Everything"
in Issue Number One Hundred and Nine
March, Nineteen Hundred and Sixty-Seven

MAD SCHOOL SONGS

I see from your song parody, "The Lunch-Room March" (MAD School Songs For Everyday Activities—#109) that the Messrs. Woodbridge and Jacobs have dined in the cafeteria of the High School I attend. Although I am delighted that this sinister establishment has been exposed, I must ask that you restrain your employees from using our cafeteria. There is not sufficient supply of the few items which are edible to feed US, let alone any guests!

Kay Killmer
Long Beach, Calif.

My congratulations to Frank Jacobs and George Woodbridge for the most idiotic, rock-em, sock-emest School Songs I've ever heard. You folks sure know how to make a guy laugh.

Andrew Jacek
Dearborn, Mich.

DRUG MENACE

Not only are you people "Mad"—you are obviously foolish. I refer to the inside back cover Fold-In of the March Issue and its obvious jab at Drug Stores and Pharmacists. Do you know what % of your sales are handled through Drug stores? The biggest menace in the Drug Store today is the amount of depraved and objectionable literature we are asked to sell to the public. As of now, this bitten hand has removed MAD from the rack and will refuse to sell it as we do with all other magazines we consider trash.

Gus M. LaMorea
Avellone Berea Pharmacy
Berea, Ohio

Up to this time, I have enjoyed your magazine and its crazy contents. But when you "take it out" on my Profession, I must protest. I am immediately pulling off sale all MAD Magazines, and shall inform our Association of my action. The Druggists of America try earnestly hard to promote clean literature and good reading material, and to keep our newsstands free of abusive material.

Guy B. Rice, Jr.
Registered Pharmacist, Mgr.
Azalea Pharmacy
Richmond, Va.

90 copies of MAD are not going to be sold this month or next month or next! How could you be so dumb?

B.J. Kurlander
"Your Leader Drug"
Independence, Ohio

CIGARETTE AD SATIRES

Just a note to let you know how much we appreciate your "K.E.N.T. Society" ad satire in the March issue (#109), as well as the other satires on cigarette advertising that you have run from time to time in the past. One of these full-page satirical take-offs can actually offset the appeal of an entire cigarette advertising campaign.

Roberta Matteson, Co-Ordinator
Idaho Smoking and Health Project
Health Education and Training Section
Department of Health, State of Idaho

Being kind of burnt up about your cigarette ad satires on the back covers, I would like to add something in defense of those who courageously smoke, despite all those cancer reports. Anyone can give up smoking, but it takes a "real man" to face lung cancer!

Jon Simon
Western Reserve University
Cleveland, Ohio

A "real man" with a "death wish"!—Ed.

Please address all correspondence to:
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FULL STOP

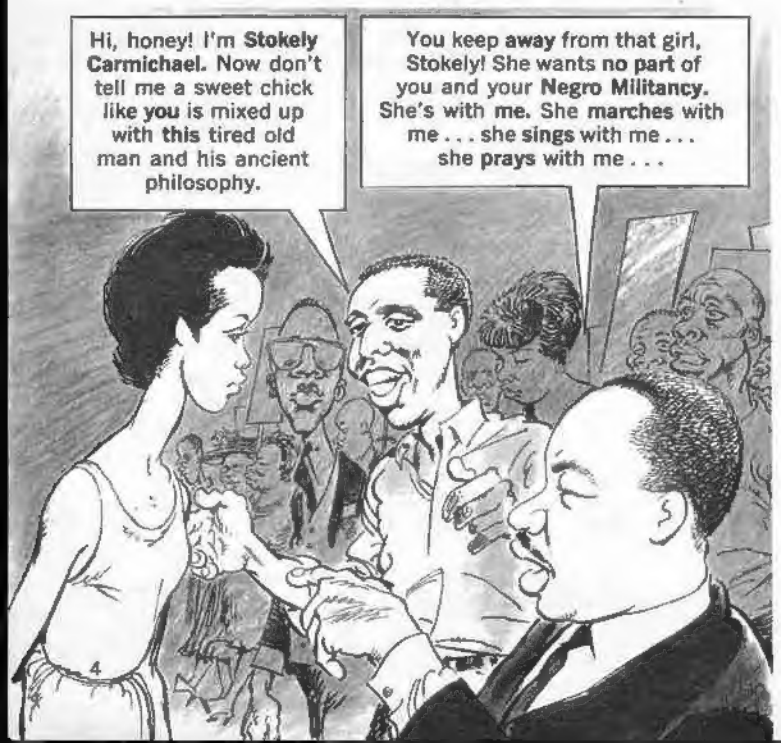
Yep, new orders for these full-color portraits of Alfred E. Neuman, MAD's "What—Me Worry?" kid, suitable for framing or wrapping fish, have come to a full stop! And that's a very bad sign! So if you'd like to help us get started again, simply mail 25c for one (or 50c for three) to MAD, 485 MADison Avenue, New York, New York, 10022.

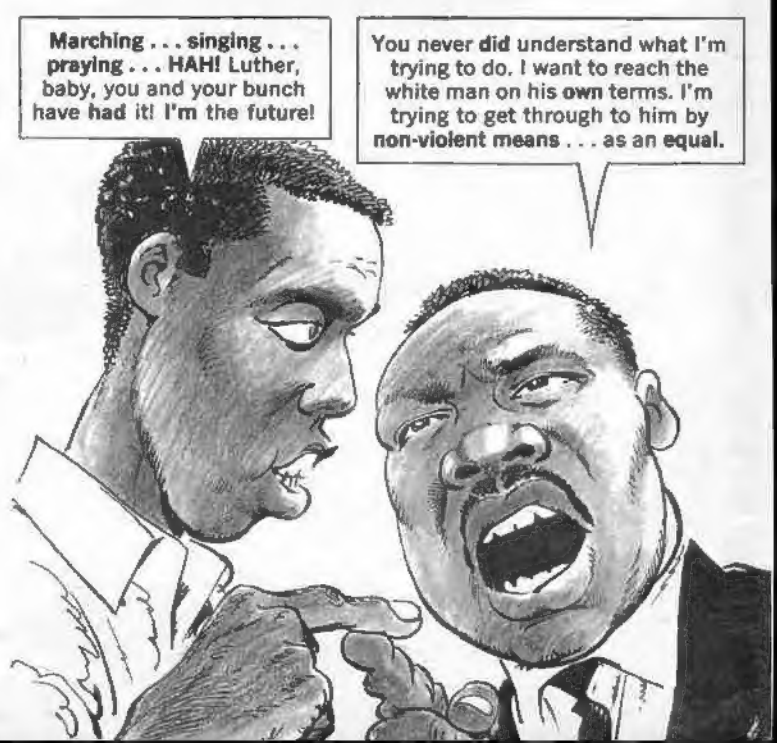
ESPRIT DE CORE DEPT.

There has been talk lately that "Porgy And Bess" may be brought back to Broadway. Now, we're all for a revival of that classic Negro opera which has been part of America's Folk Heritage for over 30 years. But we honestly wonder: In view of the drastic changes that have taken place in this country recently in the area of Race

STOKELY

A MODERN MAD VERSION

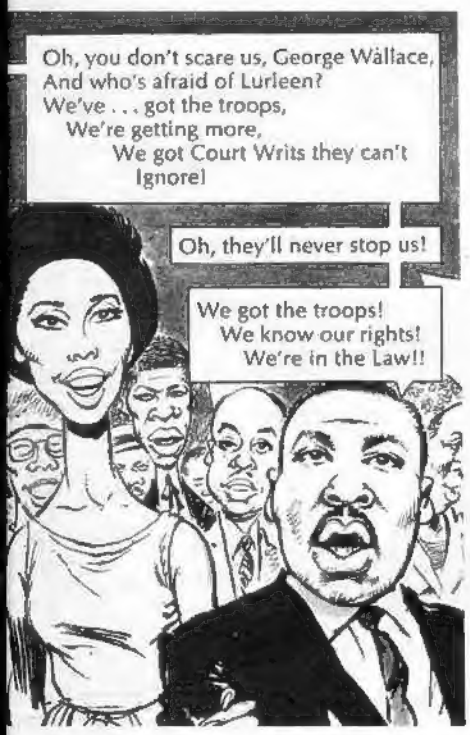


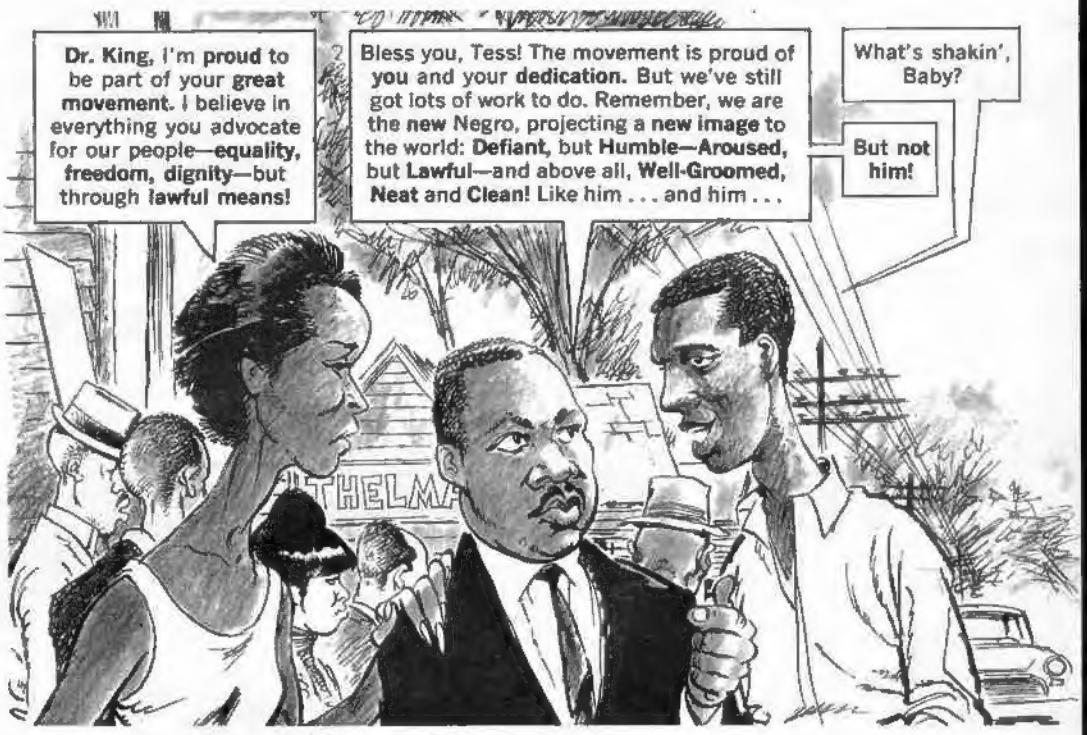


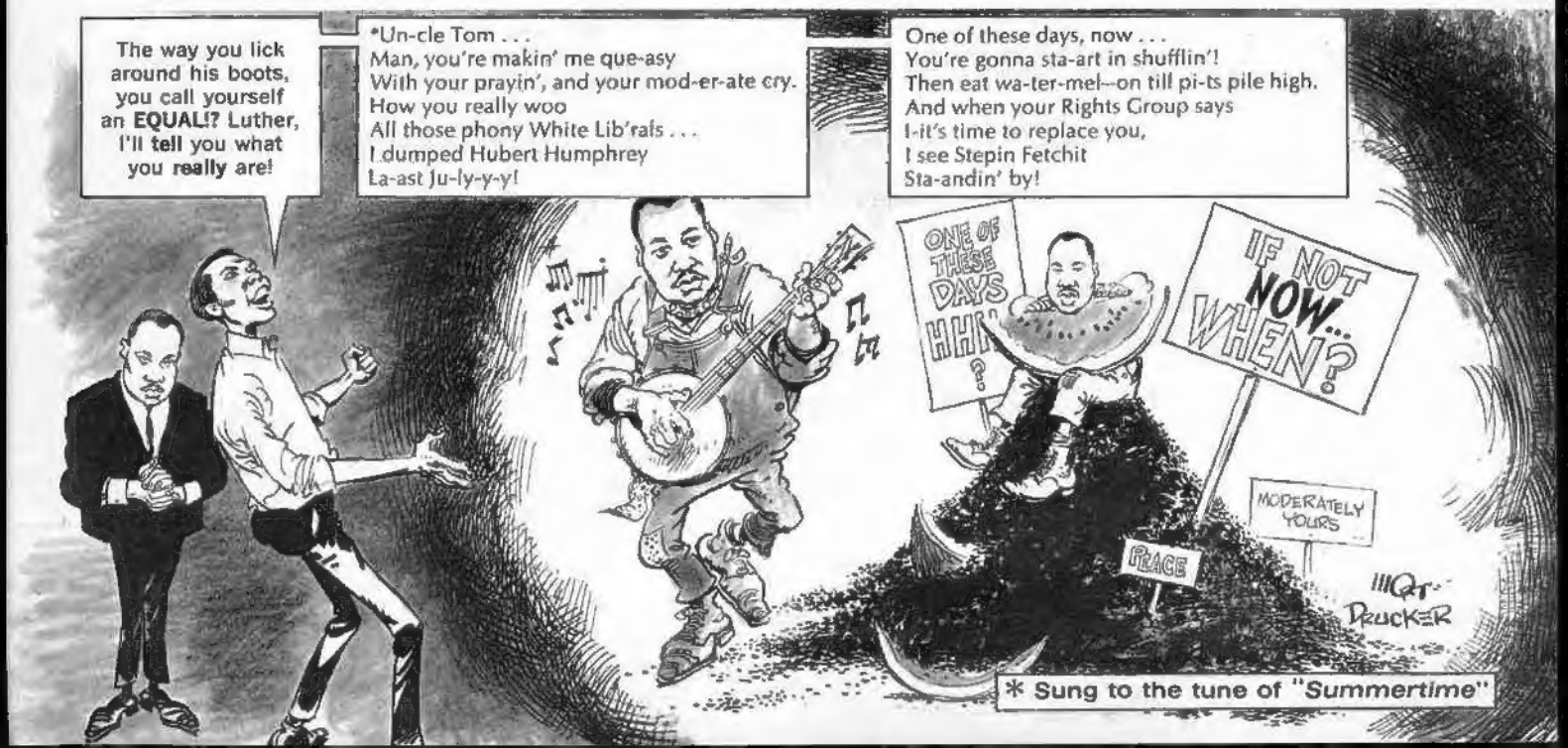
Relations and Civil Rights . . . who's going to sit still long enough to watch a charming, naive, and – let's face it – badly dated portrait of Negro Life in America? No, we think that if they really intend to revive "Porgy And Bess" today, they're going to have to do a few revisions and come up with something like . . .

AND TESS OF "PORGY AND BESS"

ARTIST: MORT DRUCKER
WRITER: LARRY SIEGEL

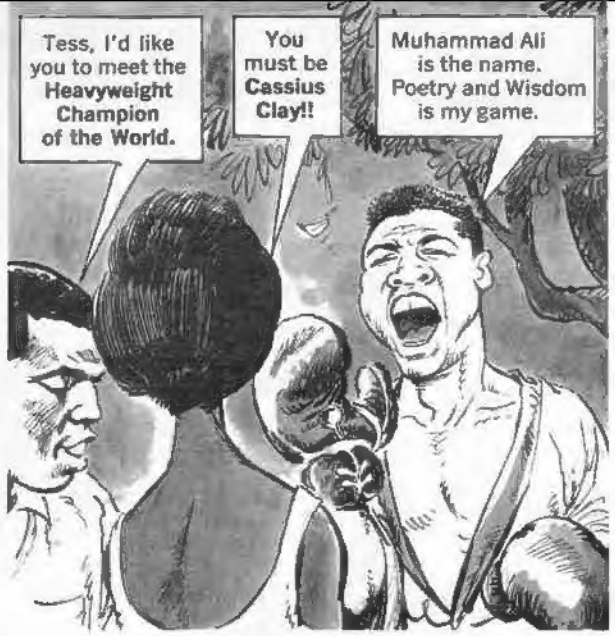


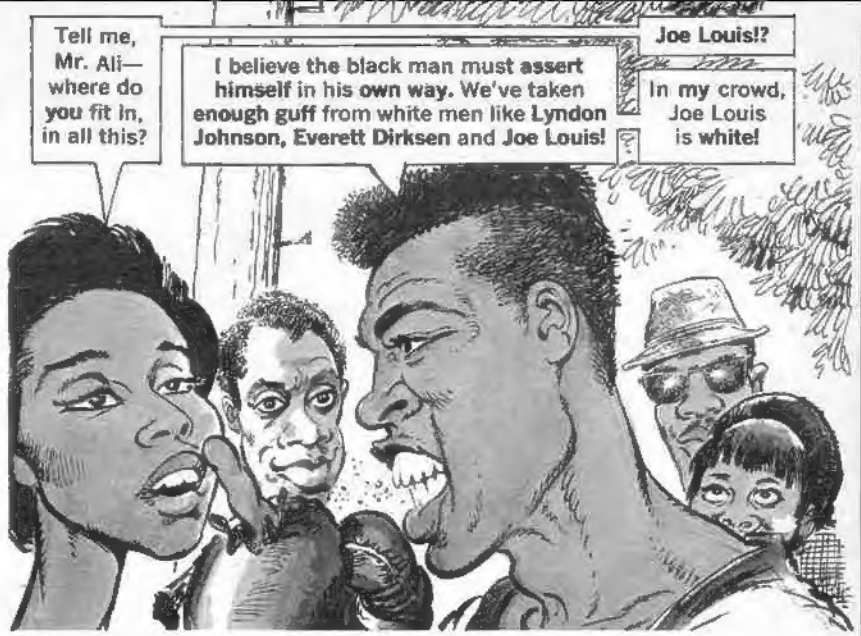


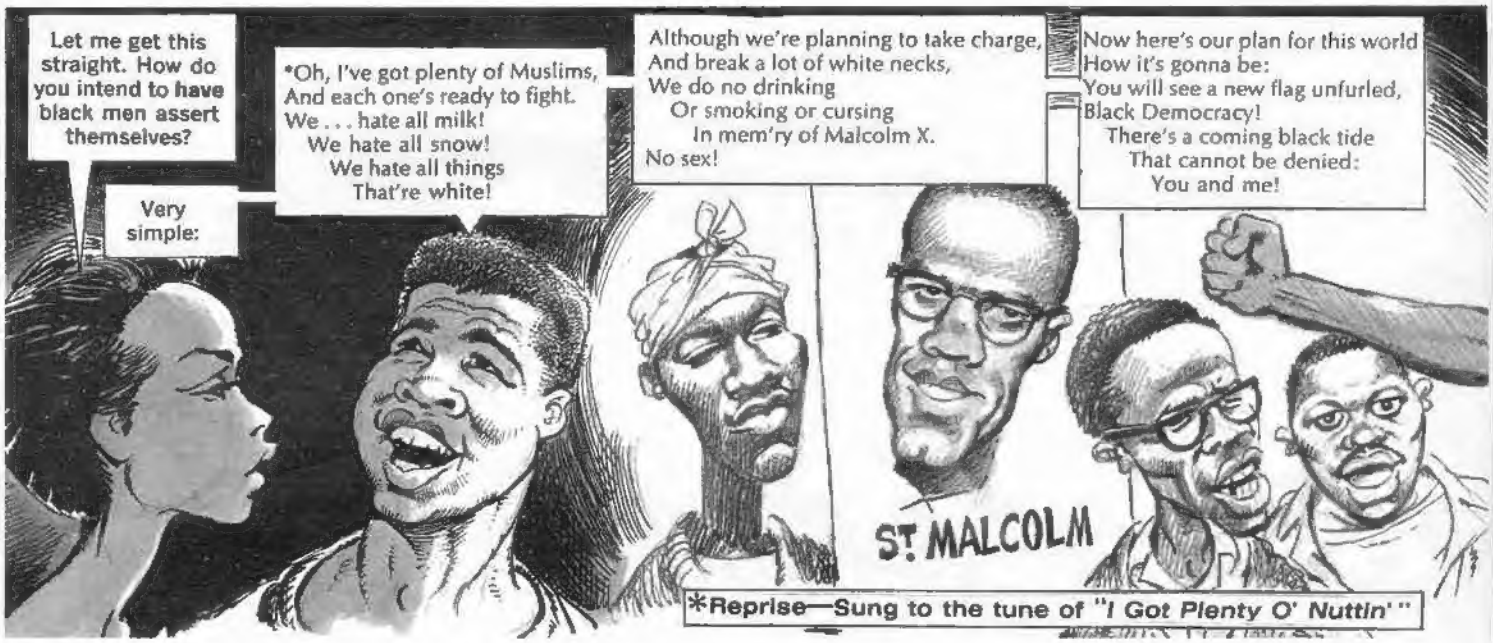


**Take My Hand, I'm A Stranger In Hackensack

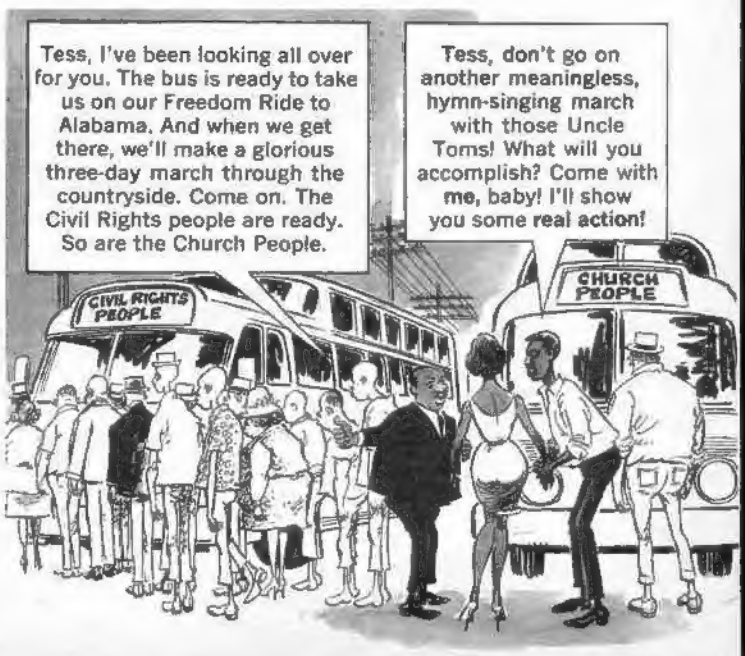
Tess, stay away from this man. He's no good for you, and he's no good for our people.
Don't worry, Dr. King. I'm with you. But I do think Mr. Carmichael is kind of cute.
"Stokely," to you, baby. Let's take a walk.
Stokely, I think you're wrong about Dr. King. And I think you are being unfair to a lot of white people. After all, they've contributed a lot of money to our cause.
Honey, let me give you the real story about white people . .
*Oh, listen to old Stokely warn you! I'm sure these words will make you think. White men extol you Just to control you! For . . . A white man is a two-time Fink! Yes, a white man is a two-time Fink!
EQUAL RIGHTS
*Sung to the tune of "A Woman Is A Sometime Thing"
A white man is a guy who'll hire you; Break you in as quickly as a wink. But you'll go nowhere once broke in, 'Cause they don't promote a "Token"! Oh . . . A white man is a two-time Fink! Yes, a white man is a two-time Fink!
Oh, he'll curse them rotten slums in Harlem; Say you rate a house all clean and pink. When you move next door he'll yell out, "Welcome, neighbor!"—then he'll sell out! 'Cause . . . A white man is a two-time Fink! Yes, a white man is a two-time Fink!
Yes, a—white man—is a—two-oo—ti-ime Fink! Yes, a—white man—is a—two-oo—ti-ime Fink! Yes, a—white man—is a—two-oo—ti-ime Fink! Yes, a—white man—is a—two-oo—ti-ime Fink!
VICE-PRESIDENT IN CHARGE OF SITTING BY THE DOOR
FOR SALE
MOVING VAN
INTEGRATED
Of course, there's some truth in what you say, Stokely, and Dr. King is as much aware of all this as you. Still, he maintains that there are good whites as well as bad whites, just as there are good blacks as well as bad ones.
Baby, the world isn't as simple as black and white. And when WE get through, there are going to be a lot of changes made!
POWER
STOKELY!
SIMBA
BURN BABY!
SNCC
YOU OWE US WHITEY
Who's "WE", Stokely?
My supporters and I . . . Oh, here comes one of my strongest allies, now!
Sound the drums, All stand clear . . . The man I call "Mr. Wonderful" is here!
TARZAN is a FINK
WHITEY IS A DOP!







*Reprise—Sung to the tune of "*I Got Plenty O' Nuttin'*"



Well, what do you say, Tess? Are you riding with us?

Gee, I don't know, Dr. King. I mean, I want to go with you . . . only I'm sort of confused about things now.

I **knew** this would happen once you let those fellows fill you with your poison. **Forget** them, Tess. **Ride with me.** It will be **inspiring**—and it will be **fun.**

*There's a bus that's pulling
O-out for the South;
Ride with me.
We will demonstrate,
Sister.

There are roads for us to
March on in the Sou-outh;
March with me.
We'll sing hymns so great,
Sister.

*Sung to the tune of "*There's A Boat That's Leavin' Soon For New York*"

We'll go down forbidden streets there in the heart of old Al-a-bam'. . .
And through Selma we'll go trippin', we'll go a-skippin',
With dogs a-nippin' upon each gam.
We'll march there with all our people, so proud that we are dark,
You'll love the route I've chosen, and just supposin'
We get a hosin' from Sheriff Jim Clark.

Ride and march with us,
We'll pitch camps,
And we'll cook out,
Come along, come alo-o-ong.

There'll be Nuns and Rabbis
The-ere on our march;
Oh, those ni-ights.
We'll all play ping-pong,
Sister.
Play . . . lots . . . of . . .
Ping . . . Po-o-ong.

Hymn-singing! Camping! Cooking out! Ping-pong! Now, **THAT'S** my idea of **real fun!** Tess, **give up** these squares. They're getting nowhere with their legal marches and peaceful demonstrations. They don't see the handwriting on the wall. But I see it. And I want **YOU** to see it, too . . .

*Tess . . . Black Power's "in" right now! It is! It is!
And you must arm and march and hate with us . . .
And not King's herds.
We're . . . the new U. S. Mau-Mau! And how!
A Berkeley "Curse-in's" set next week . . .
We've found new words.
Oh, Tess! Oh, Tess, that "Brotherhood" bit mess
Is for the birds.

Stokely . . . I'm on your side now! I am! I am!
And I am plannin' to join forces with
You 'cause you swing.
Moderation's square somehow! But, wow!
With you I'm going! You hear me saying?
With you I'm going! Here I'm not staying!
Stokely . . . I'm on your side now;
Now and forever.

*Sung to the tune of "*Bess, You Is My Woman Now*"

Sitting-in, and Kneeling-in,
and Lying-in and Dying-in!

Tess . . .
I got you now!

I'm with you, Stokely!
I'm with you, Stokely!

Tess . . . I got you now!

How could someone so intelligent, so sensitive, and so beautiful fall for that ugly philosophy?

I can't help it, Mr. King. I believe in Black Power!

HER, Cassius! Not You!!

ACT TWO

SEVERAL MONTHS LATER

Well, Stokely promised me he'd show me some action, and there's been plenty of action all right! Gosh, I've lost all track of time. Let's see . . . I joined his movement in the Winter, I've been with him all Spring, and now . . . could it be? Yes, I do believe it's Summer. And Summer means only one thing . . .

*Riot time . . .
And I'm here in Watts County.
Heads are cracking, and the tempers are high
Oh, the troops have come
And we're all dodging bullets . . .
A bottle just hit me
I-in the ey-ye!

Since early morning . . .
The folks have been out there looting.
They've picked Woolworth's clean,
now to Sears they will fly
Someone exploded
A big bomb in Watts County . . .
Oops, there goes Watts County
Fly-ing by-y!

LUMUMBA LIVES

*Reprise—Sung to the tune of "*Summertime*"

Stokely, I'm not sure I made the right move after all—leaving Dr. King and coming with you. Look what's happening. All that violence! And think of the white reaction to all of this!

Baby, don't waver now! We're just starting to move! and remember . . .

*Tess . . . Black Power's still "in" now! It is! It is!
And we must arm and march and hate, we two,
Just like before.
To . . . the white folks we won't bow, I vow!
Forget the battles of the past . . .
Now, Total War!
Oh, Tess! Oh, Tess, we just made Watts a mess—
Next, Bal-ti-more!!

Stoke . . . Black Pow'r made "Backlash" grow!
It did! It did!
And while we arm and march and hate, some whites
Are getting sore!
Take . . . those Poles in Cicero! Oh, oh!
I'm so confused now! You hear me saying?
You got me mixed up! Should I be staying?
Stokely, "Blacklash" hurts us so!
What's your next move now?

BALTIMORE

WATTS

*Reprise—Sung to the tune of "*Bess, You Is My Woman Now*"

Chaining-In, and Jailing-In,
And Stalling-In and
Show'r'ing-In!

Tess . . .
Don't leave me now!

I'm mixed up, Stokely!
I'm mixed up, Stokely!

Tess, don't leave me, now!

Oh, Dr. King. I came to see you because I'm more bewildered than ever. Which direction should we move in? Who is the best leader for our people?

That's something you'll have to decide for yourself. I know I'm trying to do things the right way! If it's not me, maybe it's someone else. But it's not necessarily Stoke!

It's not necessarily Stoke?

*No, it's not necessarily Stoke!
It's not necessarily Stoke.
Since he's been out leading
There's been lots of bleeding!
It's not necessarily Stoke!

Now, Stokely, he said "I command!"
Yes, Stokely, he said "I command!"
And then he just laughed hard
As he burned his Draft Card!
That's no way to lead in this land.

*Sung to the tune of "It Ain't Necessarily So"

But who else is there?

Well, let's see—how about Dick Gregory?

Dick Greg'ry is good for our folks,
But will he win over most folks?
Just don't forget, Adlai
With voters did badly,
And he also told funny jokes.

Who else is there? Oh, yes—Jackie Robinson—

Now Jackie was great with a bat!
Yes, Jackie was great with a bat!
And he hit that ball sweet—
But now he's on Wall Street!
We *should* get a good democrat!

All right! So those men may not be quite right! Just don't forget . . .

It's not necessarily Stoke!
It's not necessarily Stoke!
No, him you can't trust in!
Just ask Bayard Rustin!
Oh, it's not necessarily Stoke!

Don't quit! Just keep punchin'!
Why not call Ralph Bunche in?
They say he's quite a whiz.
Or try Sammy Davis,
Perhaps he can save us!
If not, well—that's Show Biz!

Say, I've got it! How about Adam Clayton Powell?

Well, Adam is on the right track,
But is he the one I should back?
When Negroes are light men
They're passing for white men,
But Adam is passing for black!

King's willing to lead Negro folk!

But if you still don't think I'm the right man, please don't forget—

It's not nece—
Not nece—Not nece—Not nece—
Not necessarily Stoke!

DO AS I PREACH, NOT AS I DO!

GIVE TO THE UNITED POWELL FUND

NEW YORK IS A WONDERFUL PLACE TO VISIT

PUERTO RICO!

LAW

GRADUATE OF DRAMA SCH

IT AIN'T NECESSARILY STOKE

MAYS

CASSIE RUSSELL

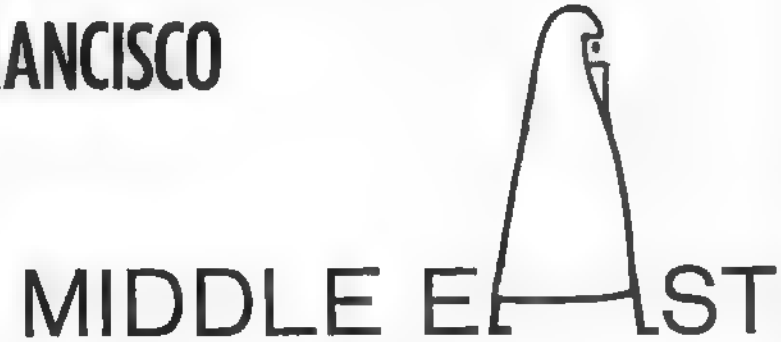
**I Wanna Hold Your Seat

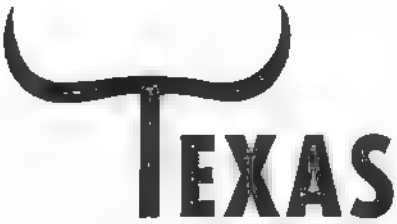
DON MARTIN DEPT. PART I

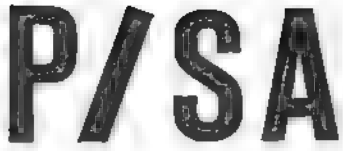
ONE EVENING AT HOME

**Hey, Overlook Me!

A PORTFOLIO OF MAD

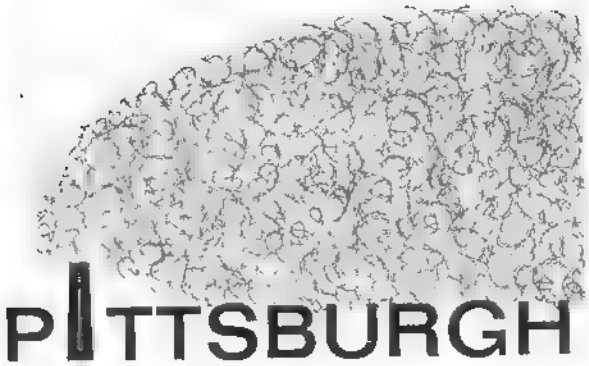




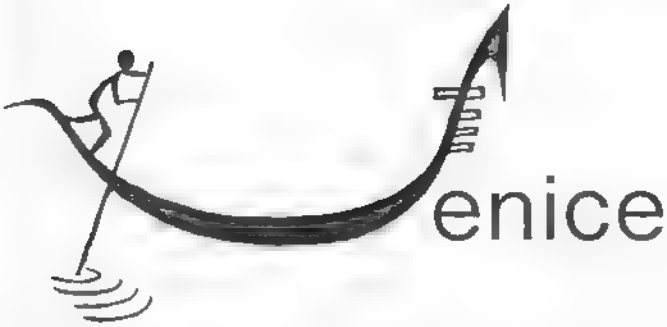


PLACELIES

WRITTEN AND DESIGNED BY: MAX BRANDEL



FL RIDA



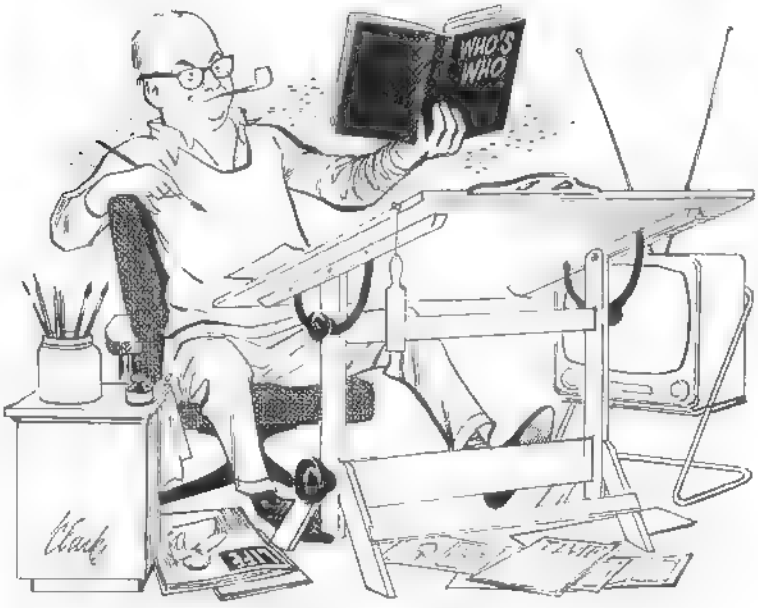
**Everything's Coming Up Crabgrass

FAMOUS FUNNIES DEPT.

Eight years ago, MAD came up with a great idea—namely that Newspaper Syndicates might do well to create Comic Strips based on real people! Naturally, like most of the great ideas in MAD, it was completely ignored! Well, we still think it's a great idea — and even though we know we'll be ignored again, here's a brand new, up-to-date-selection of

Comic Strip Heroes

TAKEN FROM REAL LIFE

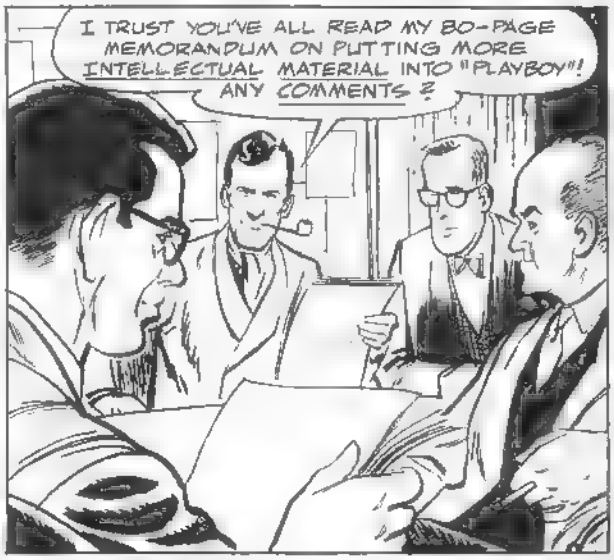


ARTIST: BOB CLARKE WRITER: FRANK JACOBS

BIG LYNDON

THE BEAUTIFUL BURTONS

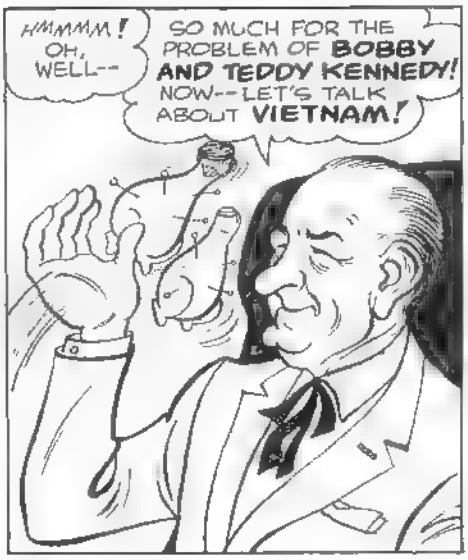
HEFNER AND HIS PALS

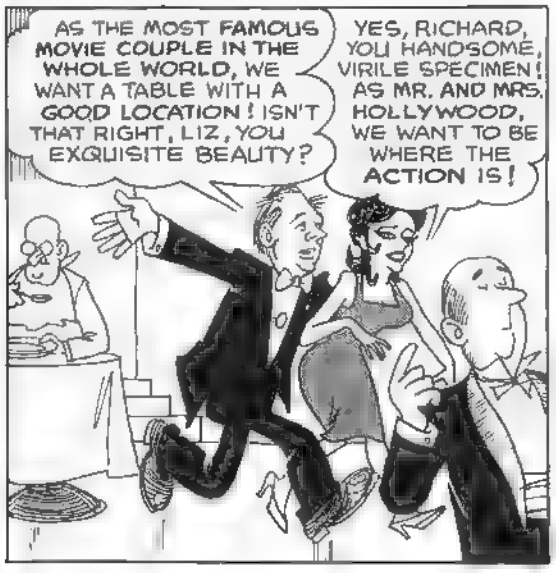


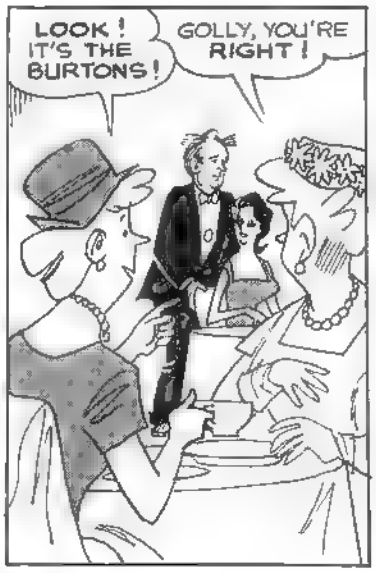
**I Could Have Danced For Two-And-A-Half-Hours

THE ONLY THING THEY UNDERSTAND S STRENGTH! I SAY WE'VE GOT TO BE FIRM--AND NOT GIVE AN INCH!
MEBBE SO, BUT IF WE DON'T GET 'EM TO THE CONFERENCE TABLE, THIS TERRIBLE WAR COULD GO ON FOREVER!

THEY SEEM AWFULLY TOUGH! I DON'T THINK THEY'RE ABOUT TO GIVE UP!
I AGREE THEY JUST WON'T BUDGE!
PASS
VETO


HMMMM! OH, WELL--
SO MUCH FOR THE PROBLEM OF BOBBY AND TEDDY KENNEDY! NOW--LET'S TALK ABOUT VIETNAM!


AS THE MOST FAMOUS MOVIE COUPLE IN THE WHOLE WORLD, WE WANT A TABLE WITH A GOOD LOCATION! ISN'T THAT RIGHT, LIZ, YOU EXQUISITE BEAUTY?
YES, RICHARD, YOU HANDSOME, VIRILE SPECIMEN! AS MR. AND MRS. HOLLYWOOD, WE WANT TO BE WHERE THE ACTION IS!


LOOK! IT'S THE BURTONS!
GOLLY, YOU'RE RIGHT!

EXCUSE US, MR. AND MRS. BURTON! COULD WE PLEASE HAVE YOUR AUTOGRAPHS!
FOR THE LOVE OF HEAVEN! CAN'T A COUPLE HAVE ANY PRIVACY AROUND HERE!?

WELL, HEF, I REALLY LIKE YOUR IDEA OF GETTING CARL SANDBURG TO WRITE THE "PARTY JOKES PAGE"!
...AND MAKING ALFRED TOYNBE THE "PLAYBOY "ADVISOR"! KEEN, HEF!
SOLID TH,NKING, HEF!

AND I LOVE YOUR MAKING J. ROBERT OPPENHEIMER THE "CARTOON EDITOR"!
YES, AND GETTING JOHN PAUL SARTRE TO WRITE THE "TABLE OF CONTENTS PAGE"!
IT'S ALL GREAT, HEF! EXCEPT...

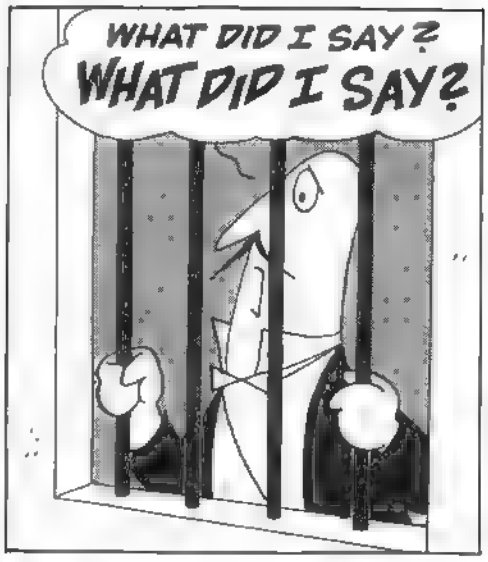
...DO YOU REALLY THINK OUR READERS WILL DIG A NUDE FOLD-OUT OF AYN RAND?

CHARLIE DE GAULLE IN PARIS

**Sin, You Singers

BOBBY DYLAN AND HIS GUITAR

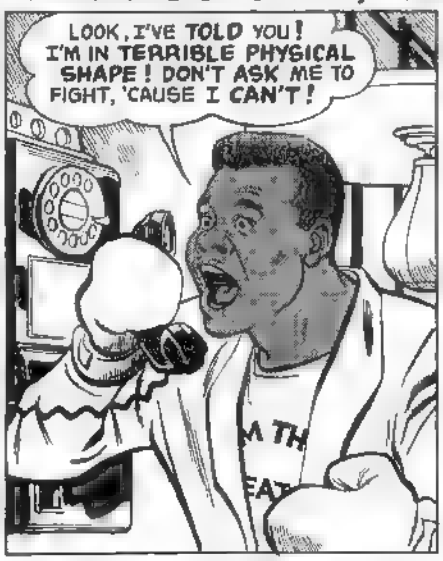
LOVELY LIBERACE

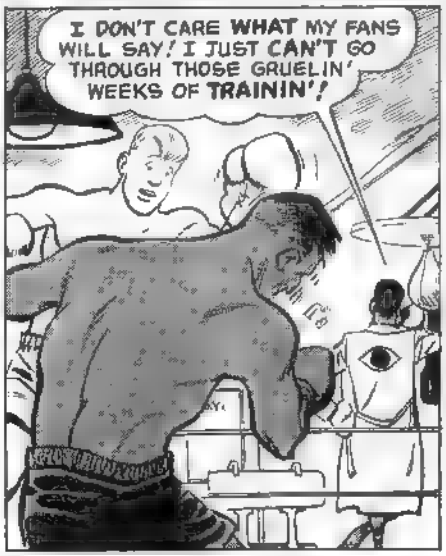


BARBRA, THE BELTER

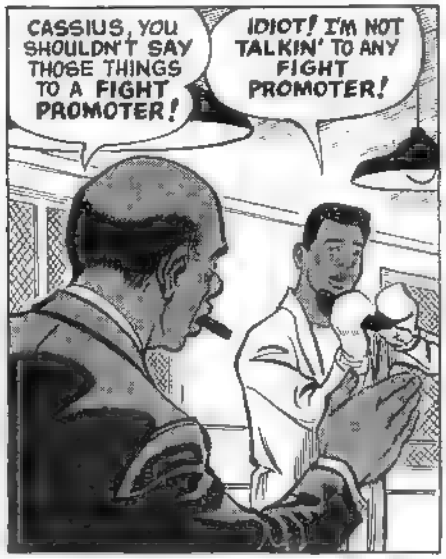
"I'd love teaming up with you, Ringo, but I have a feeling the Public might not be able to tell us apart!"

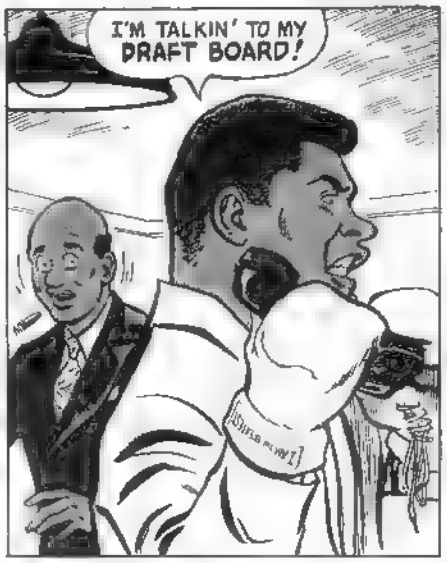
CASSIUS CLAY, HEAVYWEIGHT CHAMP





**The Beer Barrel Fox Trot



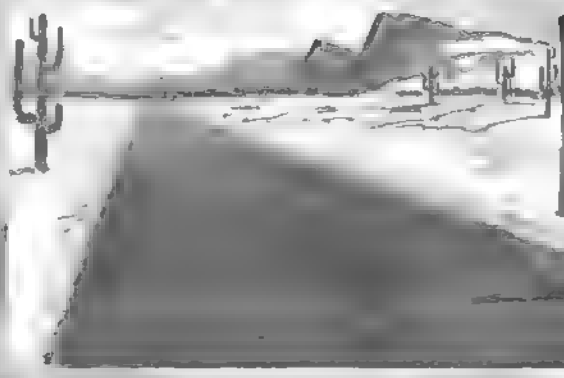


ACKNOWLEDGE-MINT DEPT.

ANNOUNCING THE MAD PLAN WHICH LETS US

WHERE OUR TAX

ARTIST: JACK RICKARD

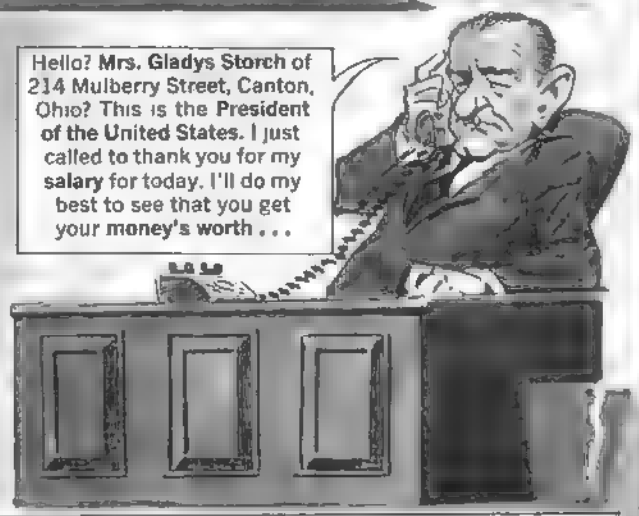


THE NEXT TWELVE FEET OF THIS SUPER HIGHWAY IS PRESENTED TO THE AMERICAN PUBLIC THROUGH THE COURTESY AND PAID-UP INCOME TAXES OF:

MISS GLORIA GLINK
429 POTRZEBIE RD.
UPPER PLATE, MO.

Ladies and gentlemen of the TV audience, welcome to the launching of the U.S.'s latest Space Probe, the "Apollo IV". It is now zero-hour minus 890 minutes, just enough time to thank all the folks who made this effort possible. Our thanks to . . . Marion Grunch for the Heat Shield, Bernie Brooks for the Oxygen Supply, Milton Finster and All The Guys in the Mail Room at the Vogue Plumbing Supply Company for the Upper Stage Fuel, Ernie Zitslaff for the Guidance System, Martin Blomp for the Starboard Porthole, Sid "Pusher" McCarthy for the Booster Section, Fran Binkle for the Glue . . .

Hello? Mrs. Gladys Storch of 214 Mulberry Street, Canton, Ohio? This is the President of the United States. I just called to thank you for my salary for today. I'll do my best to see that you get your money's worth . . .



THE UNITED NATIONS GENERAL ASSEMBLY

Confidential Inter-Government Memo

TO: The U.S.S.R.

FROM: The U.S.A.

SUBJECT: Delinquent U.N. Dues

Gentlemen:

Once again, we find it necessary to remind you to bring your United Nations Dues Payments up to date. Quincy Hunsucker, Herman Moogle, Myra Marsh, Sandy Koufax, Mr. and Mrs. Sean O'Flynn, The Fleegle Fishing and Frugging Club, Edsel Zilch, Zelda Buttress, Ralph Mercier, George Cummings, J. F. Forbes, Henrietta Bulb's Baby-Sitting Service, Rickie Herman, Laura Mistylight, Roberto's Beauty Parlor, Abe's Station Newsstand, Roland J. Klonk, Elizabeth Taylor and All The Employees of The Frivolous Frock Dress Company are running out of patience. They resent the fact that they are paying more than their share of the cost of running this World Organization. Please attend to this matter immediately.

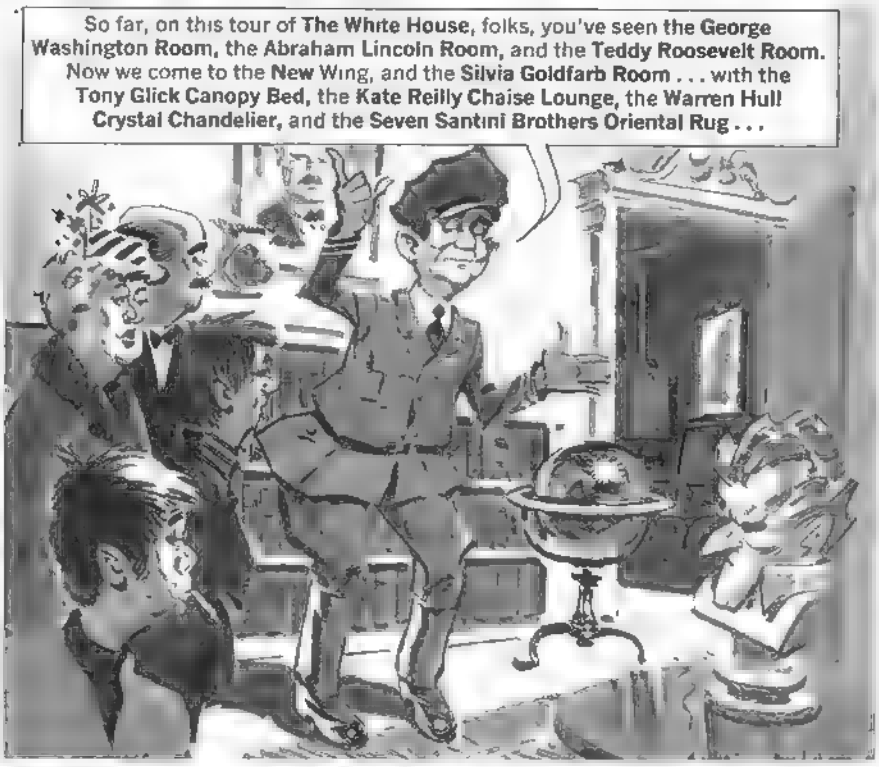
Sincerely yours,
Arthur J. Goldberg
Arthur J. Goldberg
U.S. Ambassador to the U.N.

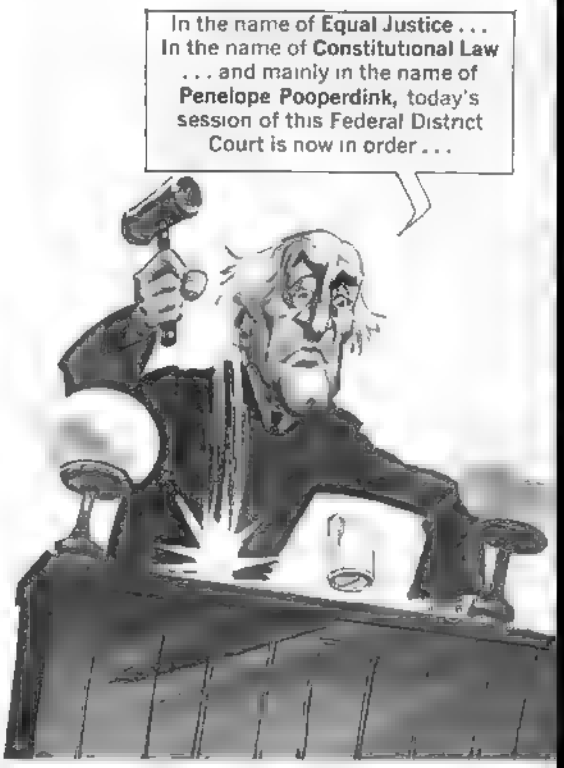
TAXPAYERS KNOW EXACTLY...

DOLLARS GO

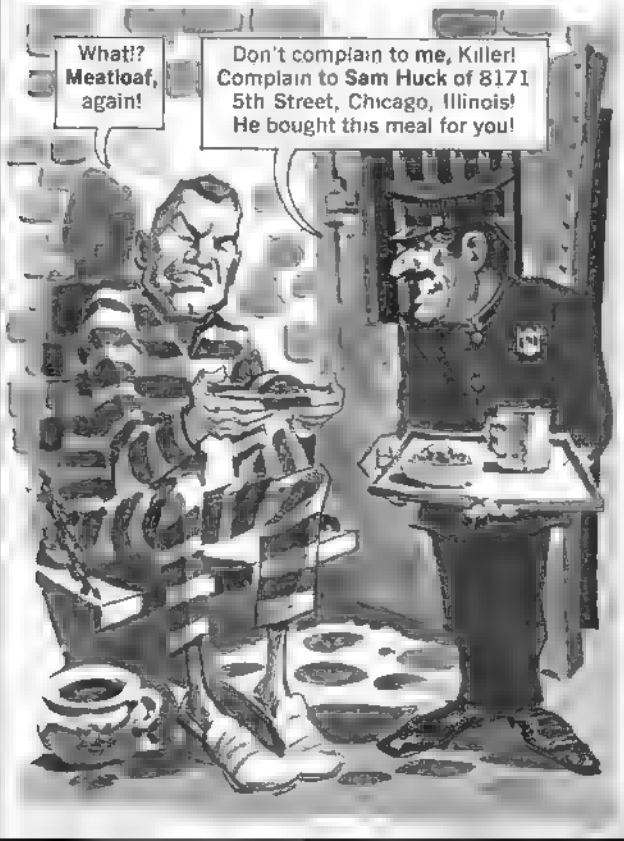
WRITER: DICK DE BARTOLO

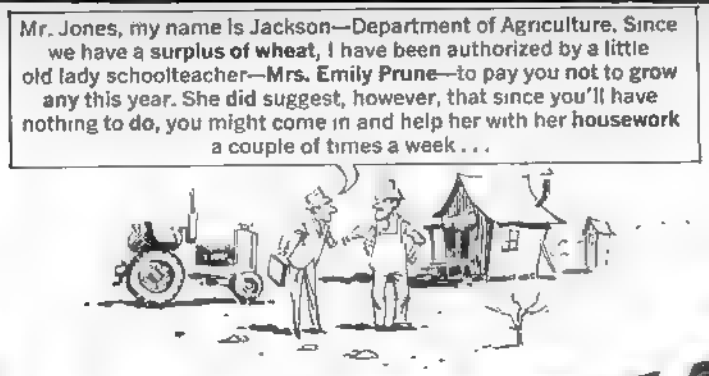
Do you find it annoying to pay Income Taxes . . . to have all that money disappear . . . and never really know what it is used for? Well, now MAD proudly unveils a plan which lets you know exactly where your Tax Dollar has gone. Unlike the present system, your Tax does not go in to the U.S. Treasury. It goes into a cookie jar—with your name, and the exact amount written on it. Then, when the Government wants to purchase something, the person who paid in that exact amount in taxes (or the closest to it) in effect, buys the article for "Uncle Sam," and the credit can be given to that individual as follows:

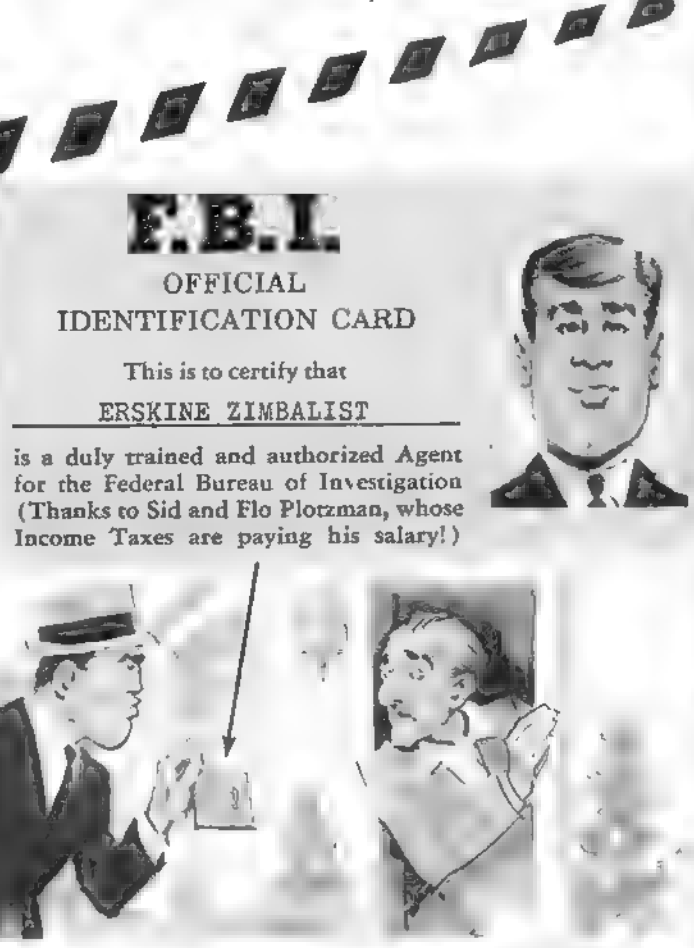


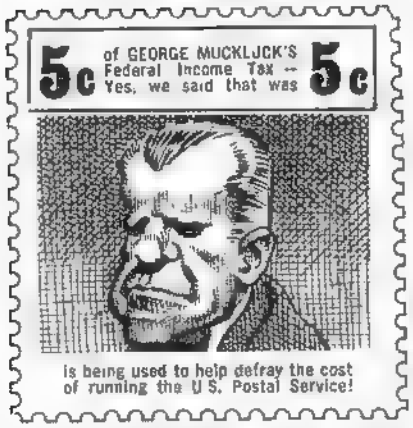


**If I Knew You Were Coming I'd've Baked A Pizza



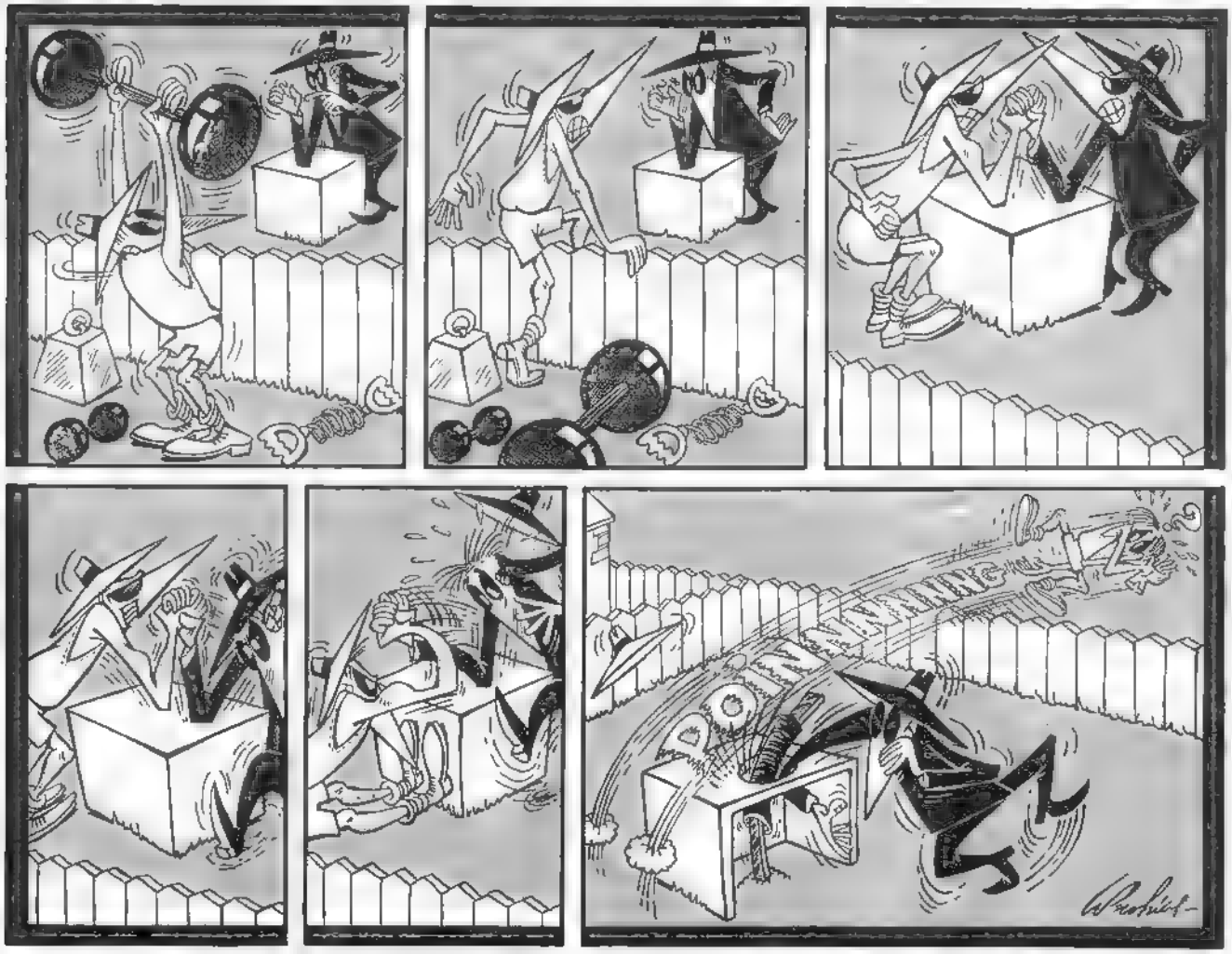






**We Shall Overthrow

JOKE AND DAGGER DEPT. PART I



**I'm Gonna Live Till I Croak

ONCE UPON A TIME...BEFORE

. . . there were plenty of vacant sandlots available if you wanted to get a gang together and play a little baseball.

Today, buildings have filled the vacant lots and the only baseball you can enjoy is what's broadcast on television.

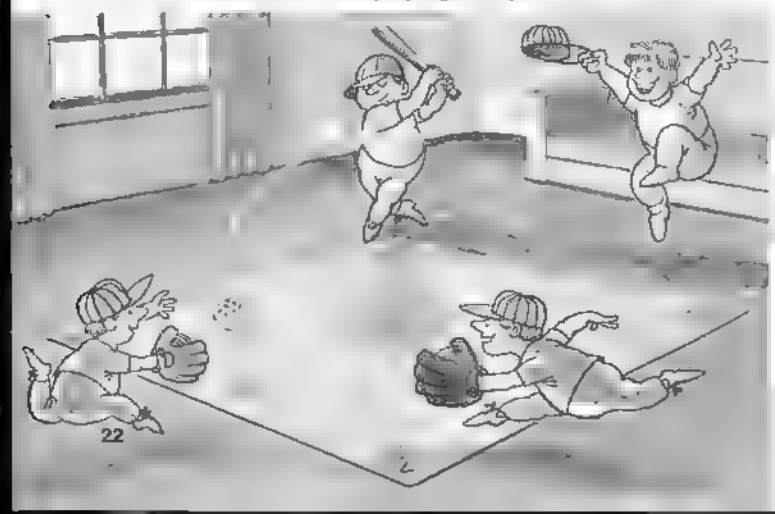
. bays and rivers were practically devoid of boaters.

Today, these bays and rivers are as crowded as highways.

THAT'S WHY SMART SPORTING EQUIPMENT

OUTDOO INDO

For the sandlot baseball player, there are plastic bats and the "whiffle ball" for playing the game in the house.



For the golfer, special clubs, balls, cups, etc. are now available for enjoying the game on the living room rug.

THE POPULATION EXPLOSION...

. . there were numerous golf courses available to anyone who wanted to pursue that little white ball for 18 holes.

Today, the few golf courses that haven't been covered by housing developments are jammed beyond their capacities.

. picturesque, traffic-free roads beckoned the cyclist.

Today, a cyclist takes his life in his hands on our roads.

MANUFACTURERS ARE SLOWLY BRINGING

R SPORTS ORS

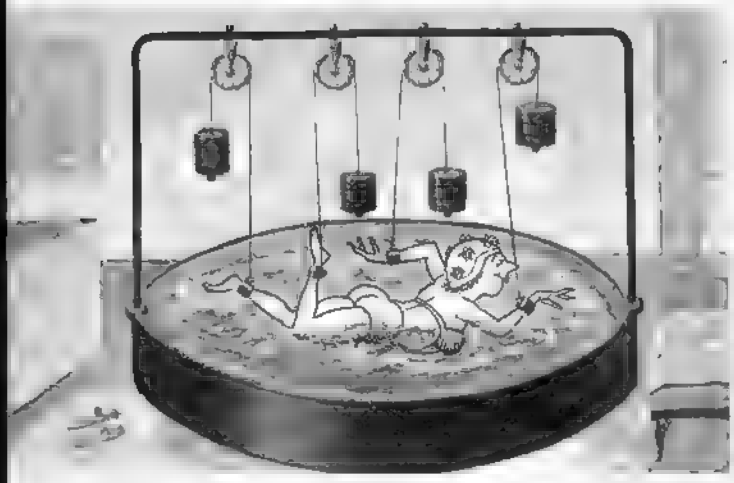
ARTIST & WRITER:
AL JAFFEE

For the boating enthusiast, there are rowing machines for enjoying the exercise and thrills of this sport at home.

For the cyclist, the "Exercycle" eliminates the hazard of traffic jammed highways, and permits bike riding indoors.

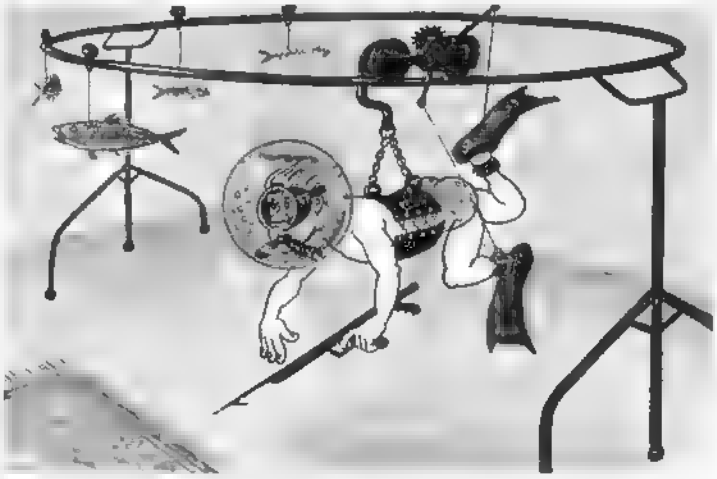
A MAD LOOK AT SOME FUTURE

SWIMMING



Suspended with counterweights over small, plastic-lined indoor pool, swimming enthusiast will be able to perform any stroke he feels like, except maybe perhaps sunstroke.

SKIN DIVING

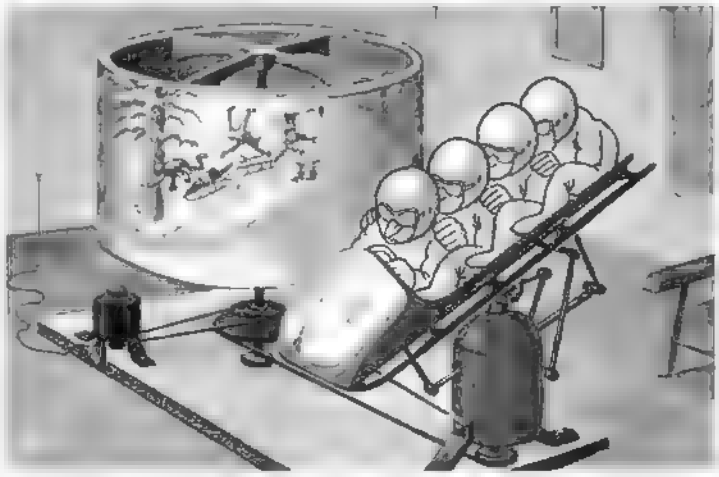


Skin Diving buff will wear water-filled plastic bubble to simulate underwater effect while drifting around room and spearing plastic fish . . . or real fish, for authenticity.

SKY DIVING

Sky Diver is held aloft in "free fall" by powerful jet of air. When buzzer sounds, he pulls rip-cord of tiny chute and gently lands as the air jet slowly turns itself off.

TOBOGGANING

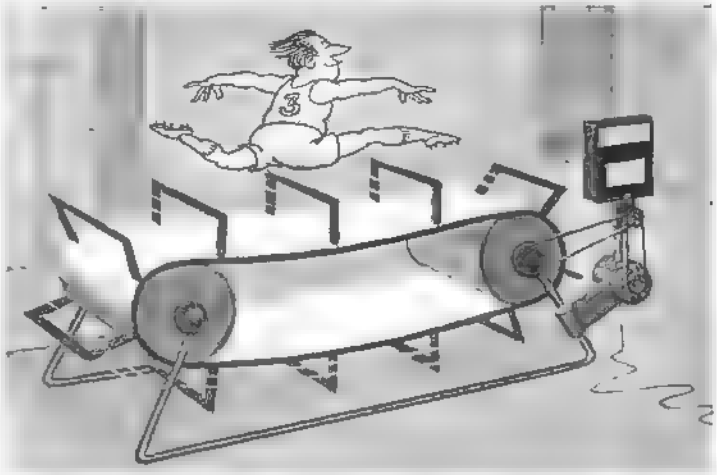


Scenery rushes blindly by as toboggan tilts and turns on its axis. Realism is added when team makes a wrong turn—and is violently ejected from sled by special mechanism.

POLE VAULTING

Special pole with enclosed tension spring eliminates need for 20-foot headroom. "Jump-Meter" registers pressure on spring and reports equivalent height to an "outdoor jump."

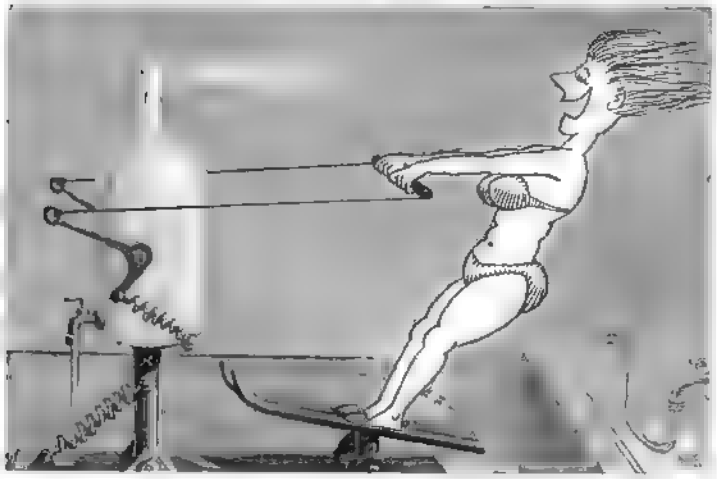
HURDLE RACING



Hurdles rush at racer on endless treadmill. The faster he runs, the faster the belt moves. Special control, set for length of race, automatically stops belt and reports time.

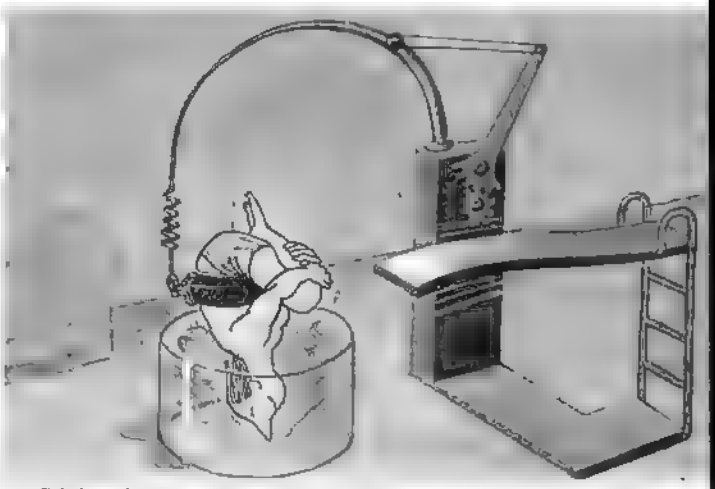
"OUTDOOR SPORTS—INDOORS"

WATER SKIING



Water Skiing thrills are recreated by skis mounted upon wobbling base while machine yanks on tow rope and sprays salt water into the face of the eager skiing enthusiast.

FANCY DIVING

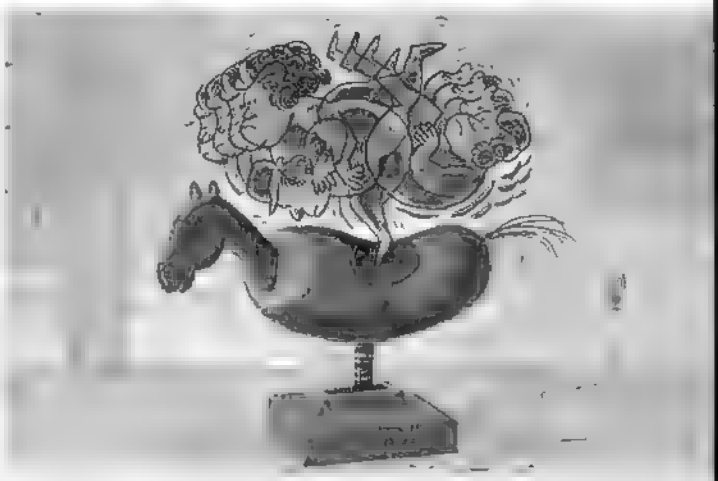


Diving fan can try any fancy dive he chooses, knowing the support will stop him in time and the automatic timer will pull him back onto board for another try before he drowns.

DEEP SEA FISHING

Fisherman gets almost exactly the same thrill as the real thing as he sits in fighting chair and machine works line following pre-set instructions as to what type fish is on.

HORSEBACK RIDING



Mechanical horse can be set to perform any action of real horse, including walk, trot, canter, gallop and buck. All this without certain unpleasant aspects of real horses!

BROAD-JUMPING

As broad-jumper leaps, special restraining spring keeps him from going too far. This gadget also has "Jump-Meter" that registers how far he would have jumped out-of-doors.

ATHLETE'S FOOT

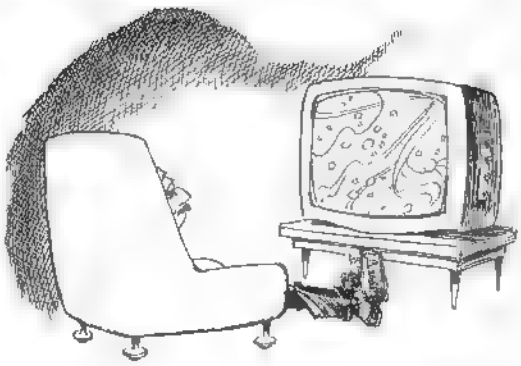
For those who want to add vital realism and atmosphere to Outdoor Sports – Indoors, here's a fungus-covered plastic foot that walks around exercise area just like real ones.

**Smoke Gets In Your Nose

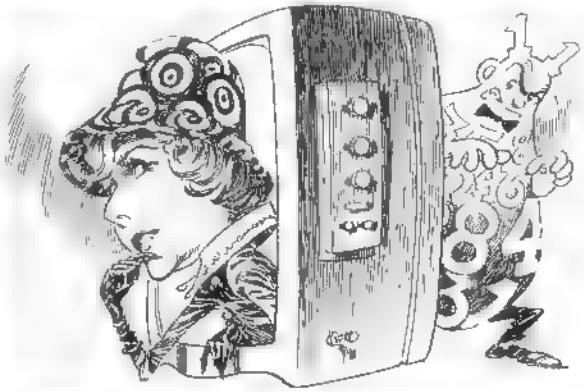
POE-MORTEM DEPT.

THE R

Once upon a weeknight dreary,
While I stared with vision bleary
At my Zenith TV that I bought on time at Gimbel's store—
While I sat with eyelids burning,
Suddenly I was discerning
That some shows were not returning—shows I'd seen
just weeks before.
"What goes on," I wondered, "with these shows I saw
just weeks before?
Are they gone for evermore?"



ARTIST: BRUCE STARK



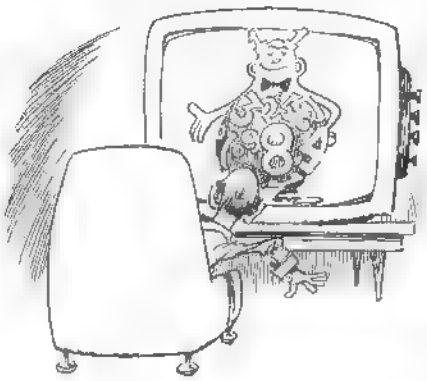
Thereupon I said, "Dear Rating,
I have sat here, watching, waiting
For those splendid prime-time programs that premiered
in weeks of yore;
Though I've twisted knob and dial,
I don't see Jean Arthur's smile;
Will she get another trial? Will she come back with a roar?
Tell me, please, O Wondrous Rating, that she'll come back
with a roar!"
Quoth the Rating, "Nevermore."

When I heard his words so gloomy,
Waves of sorrow ran right through me;
Still I hoped he might say something that would make
my spirits soar;
So I asked, in expectation,
"What of Tammy Grimes' salvation?
Surely she's just on vacation and will win new praise galore;
Let me hear, O Mighty Rating, that she'll win new praise galore!"
Quoth the Rating, "Nevermore."

ATING

With apologies to Edgar Allan Poe

As I spoke, the screen grew dimmer
And I caught the first faint glimmer
Of a strange, fantastic creature that my eyes could not ignore;
Short and round and roly-poly,
He was made of numbers wholly!
"Gosh!", I shouted, "Holy Moley! What are all those numbers for?"
"Hush!", he spoke, "and I will tell you what my numbers
all are for—
"I'm a Rating, nothing more."



WRITER: FRANK JACOBS

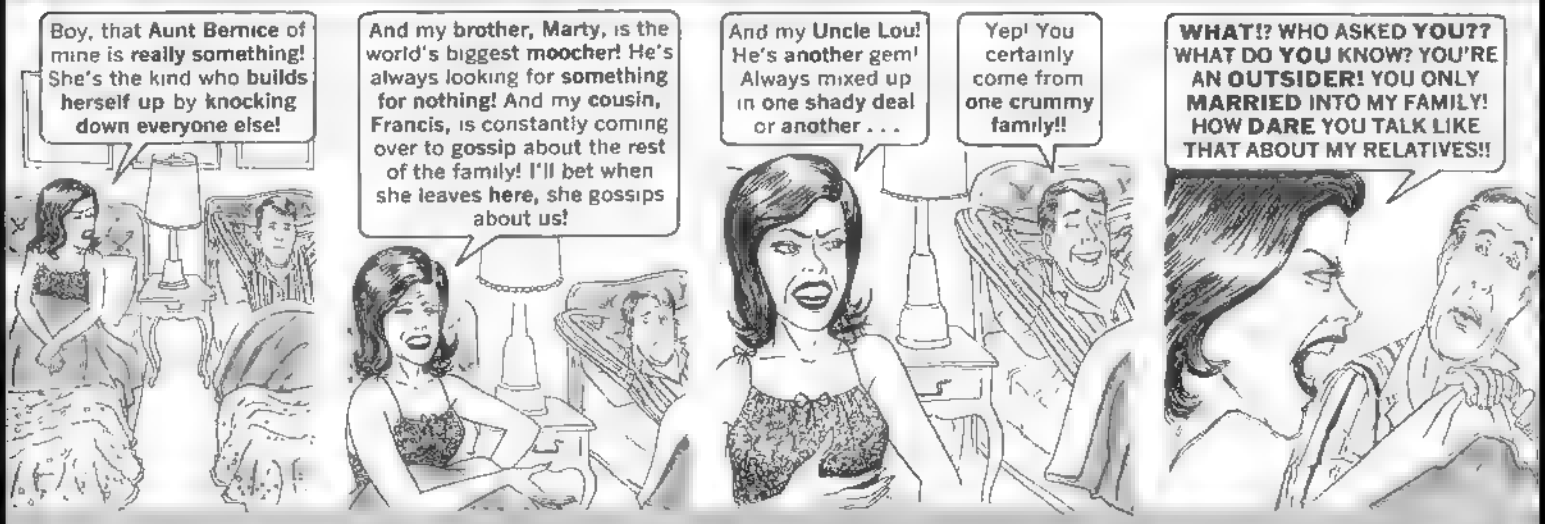
Loud he spoke, with perfect diction,
And I had the strong conviction
That his words were laden with a meaning I could not ignore;
So I asked him, heavy-hearted,
"Is it true that Shane's departed?
Will he finish what he started, killing bad men by the score?
Reassure me, Rating, that he'll still kill bad men by the score!"
Quoth the Rating, "Nevermore."

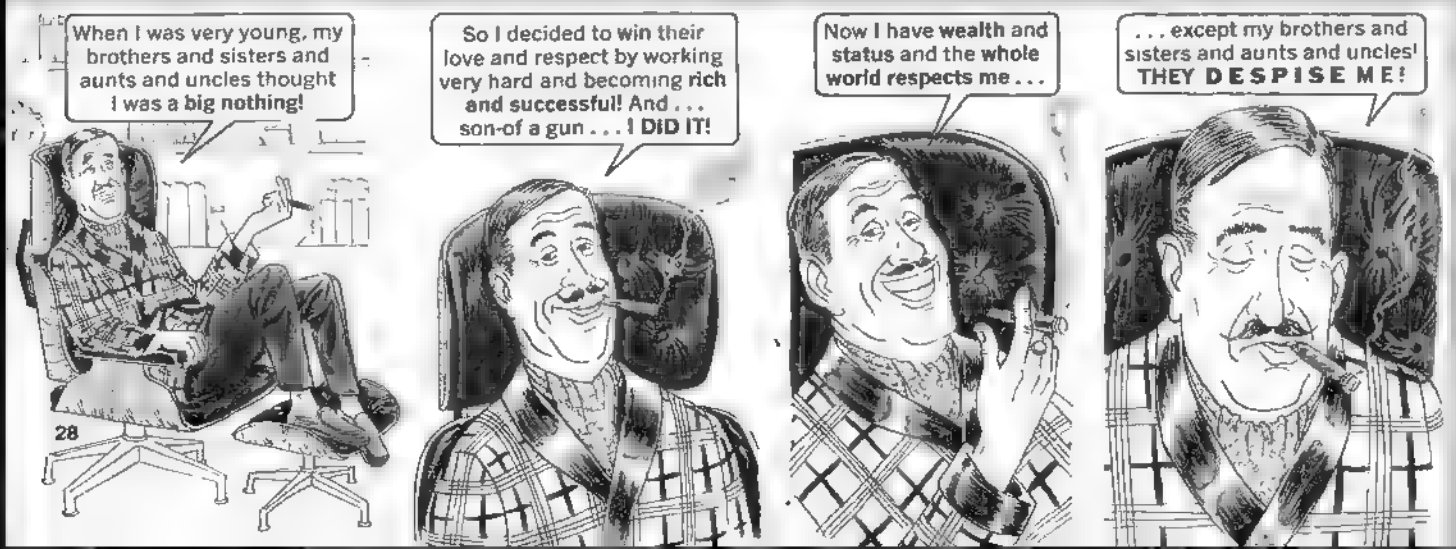
Glum I was and pessimistic
From his words so fatalistic;
How I wished some note of hope would from his gloomy lips
outpour!
But I knew no hope existed,
So, in sadness, I persisted;
"Are there any others listed for your bleak and barren shore?
"Tell me, O Great Rating, who is destined for your barren shore!"
Quoth the Rating, "Garry Moore."

**The Precipitation In Portugal Falls Primarily On The Plateau

THE LIGHTER SIDE OF

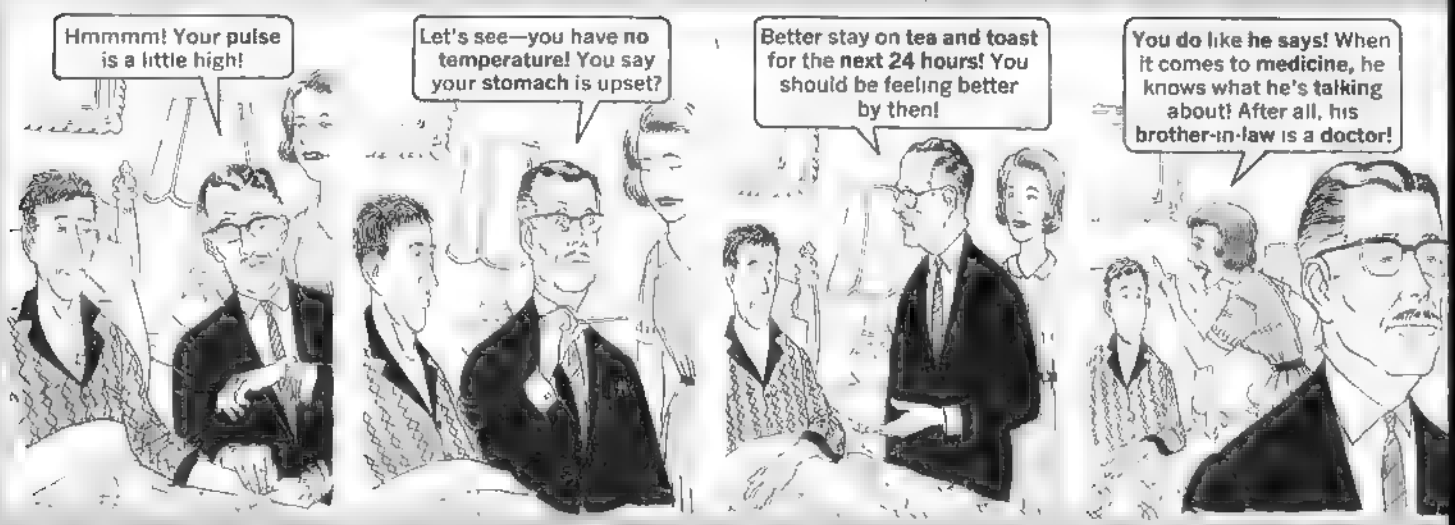
**Give My Regards To The Avenue Of The Americas

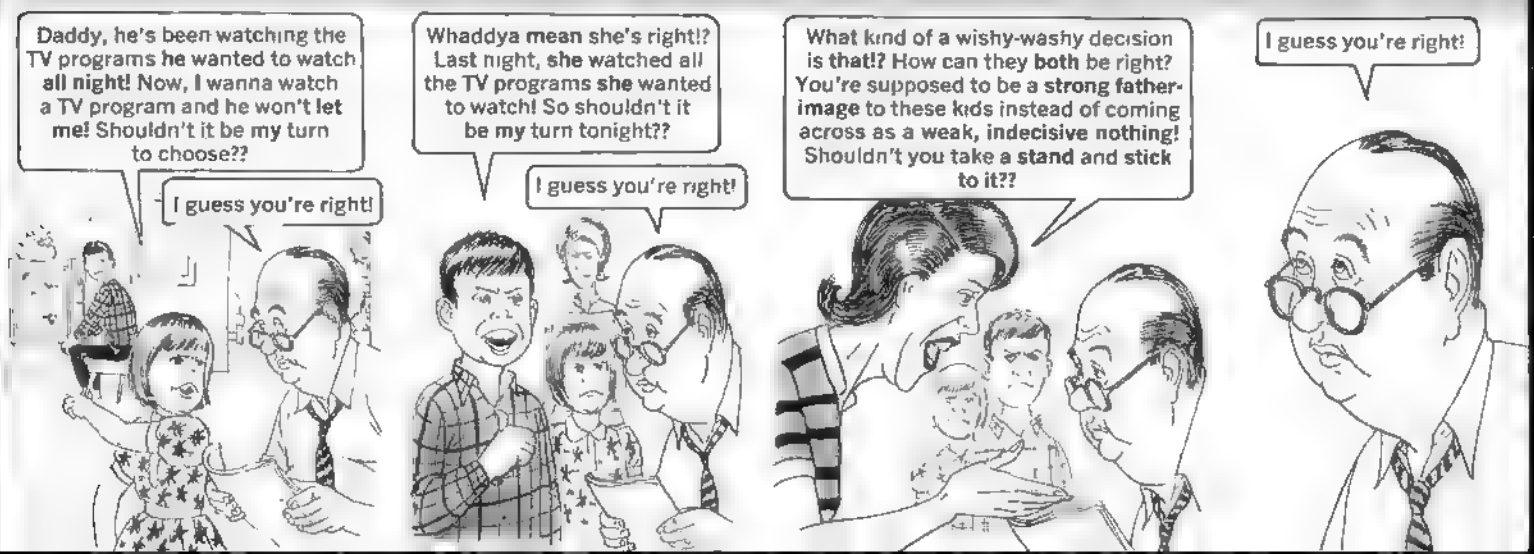




RELATIVES

WRITER & ARTIST: DAVID BERG





Hey, "Newlywed"! How's it going?
YECCH!
YMCA RULES
Huh? But I thought you said you were marrying the most wonderful girl in the world!
I did!
Then what's eating you, buddy boy?
I'm finding out that when you marry the most wonderful girl in the world, you marry her whole rotten family as well!
I want to warn you about Uncle Max! He's an obnoxious braggart! According to him, his is always the best—his things, his family—you know the type!
I'll say I do! And I'll enjoy cutting him down to size!
So this is my new Nephew! Welcome to our marvelous family! And welcome to my luxurious home, which is the most expensive and the most beautiful home in the entire neighborhood!
Okay, Buster! Now you're gonna get it . . .
Listen, "NEW" Uncle—
Ha-ha! I like that "new" Uncle! Listen, "new" Nephew! I've been bragging to everyone about what a wonderful man my niece found for herself, and about how much he's accomplished in his young life, and about—
Charlie! It's me! Your brother, Dick! I gotta talk to you!
Don't bother talking to me! I have no brother!
Charlie, listen to me! Please!
And if I had a brother, I wouldn't talk to him!
Charlie . . . I'm in trouble!
Dick!! Why didn't you say something!?
**Three Coins In The Horse Trough
Ahhh! You're just like your Mother!
Well, I can't help it! It's heredity!
I'm a product of the personality characteristics that have been passed on to me! I didn't choose them! You are actually more responsible for what I am than I—by giving me life! So why condemn something I had no control over!?
Boy, did that kid just put you in your place!
That's exactly what I mean! He's just like his Mother!

Listen, brother—
Don't "brother" me! I'm not your brother!

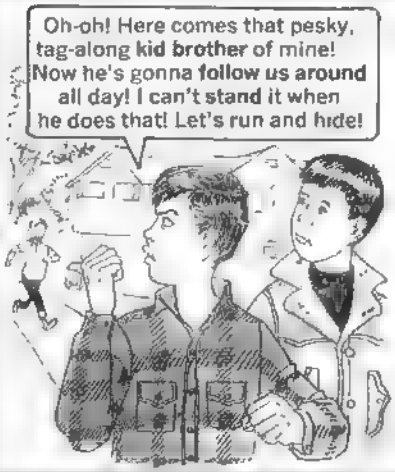
According to the Bible, we are all brothers!

Is that so? Well, then, if I'm your brother, how about lending me five bucks?

According to the Bible, I am not my brother's keeper!

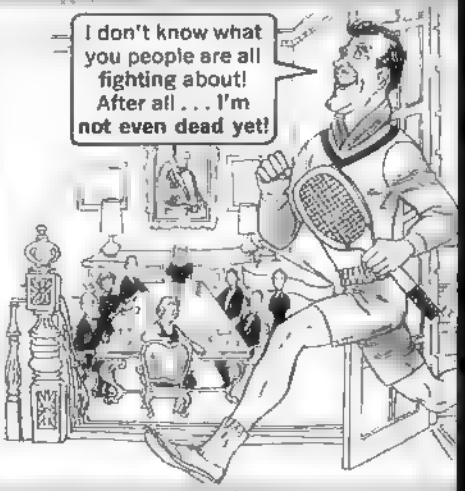
**S-S-S-Selma

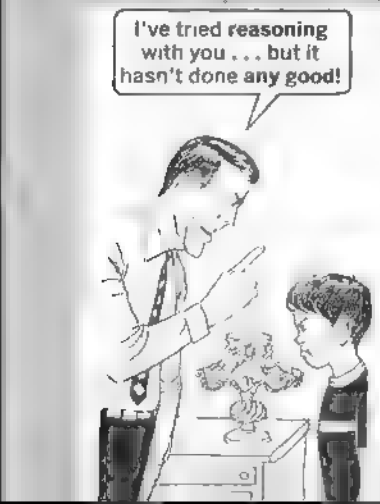
What are you TALKING about? Your Uncle Max is a GREAT GUY!!

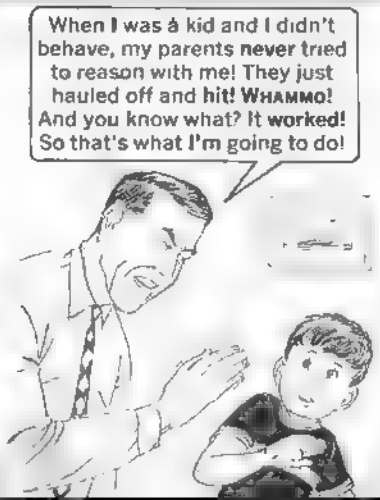

Oh-oh! Here comes that pesky, tag-along kid brother of mine! Now he's gonna follow us around all day! I can't stand it when he does that! Let's run and hide!

Hey, we'd better slow down . . . or he'll never catch up with us!

I should get Uncle Joe's piano! When I was a child, he loved the way I'd play "Chopsticks" on it!
Piano, nuts! I'll take cold cash!
You two can keep the cash and the piano! All I want is this magnificent house and land!
Since I've been his favorite, I think I'm entitled to most of the inheritance!
I'm afraid you may all be disappointed! As his brother, I'm next in line for everything!
What about me? Don't I get anything?
Listen to her! She's only the Sleep-In Maid!


I don't know what you people are all fighting about! After all . . . I'm not even dead yet!


I've tried reasoning with you . . . but it hasn't done any good!


When I was a kid and I didn't behave, my parents never tried to reason with me! They just hauled off and hit! WHAMMO! And you know what? It worked! So that's what I'm going to do!

GRAN'MA!! GRAN'PA!! DADDY'S GONNA HIT ME!!!

Right away, you have to hit!?
Why don't you try reasoning with him first??

MINI-HA-HA'S DEPT.

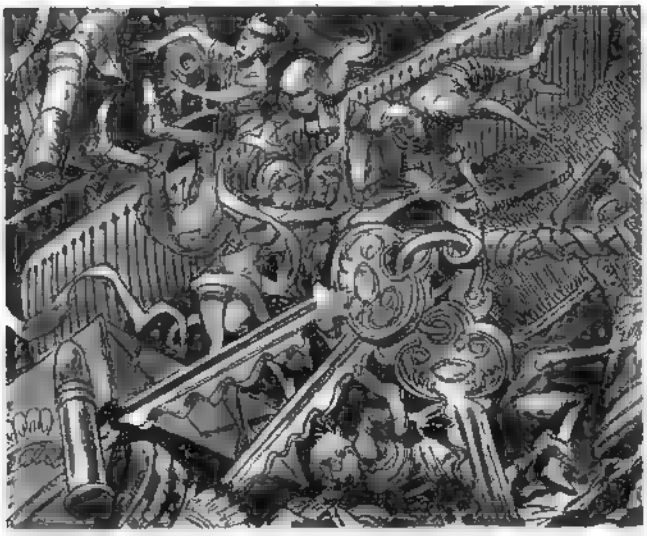
Recognize the picture at the left? It's a scene from the movie, "Fantastic Voyage." In the film, a team of tiny, miniaturized, molecule-sized men and women enter the bloodstream of a scientist to destroy a blood clot on his brain. Ridiculous? You

FANTASTIC

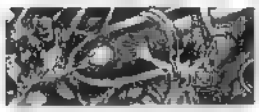
ARTIST: JACK DAVIS

SOMEWHERE, DEEP INSIDE, WERE HER LOST HOUSE-KEYS! WOULD THE LITTLE BAND DARE TO ENTER THE DARK ABYSS?

JOURNEY TO THE BOTTOM OF A WOMAN'S PURSE



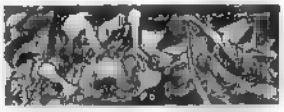
UNKNOWN DANGERS LURKED EVERYWHERE!



The Lethal **LIPSTICK**—that turned their skin a strange sick color!

The Dreaded **HAIRPIN**—with its twin spikes of certain death!

The Deadly **COMPACT**—belching huge clouds of choking lethal pink dust!



The Grotesque **KLEENEX**—wad after wad after wad of wet, impassable gook!

PLUS! COUNTLESS HORRORS NEVER BEFORE SEEN BY MAN!

WITH

Fats **WALLET** ● Vic **MIRROR** ● Harriet McFarland ● Melina **MASCARA** ● Rita **GUM** ● **TABU** Hunter & Evelyn **KEYS**

DON'T REVEAL THE INCREDIBLE ENDING TO YOUR FRIENDS!

"I Want A Thursday Kind Of Love

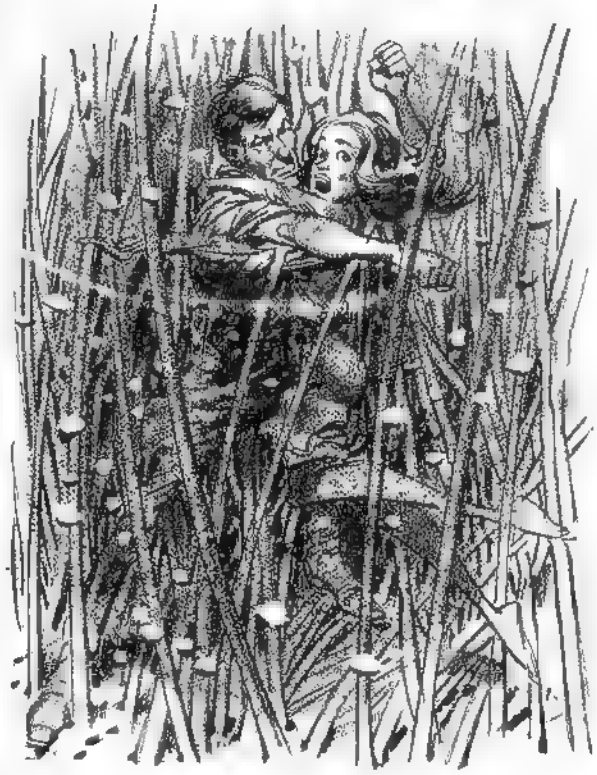
OUTNUMBERED TWO MILLION TO ONE, HE FOUGHT THEM!

He Crushed Them On The Scalp! He Blasted Them Between The Hairs! He Destroyed Them On The Follicles!

. . . AND YET THE CURSED FLAKES REFUSED TO DIE!

SEE

OPERATION DANDRUFF



WITH

Rex **HAIRISON** ● **BARBER** Stanwyck ● **CURL** Malden ● **LOCKS** Barker ● **HAIRY** Carey, Jr. ● Perry **COMB** ● Michael **WILDROOT**

"Should make plenty B.O. Scratch!"—VARIETY

"Stands head and shoulders above the others!"—TIME

"The best part is in the middle!"—NEWSWEEK

bet! After all, how many scientists do you know with blood clots on the brain? Why didn't the producers put their tiny, pre-shrunk people to work solving the problems of everyday folks? Problems that common clods like us can identify with! Here are:

VOYAGES BASED ON EVERYDAY EXPERIENCES

WRITER: FRANK JACOBS

They Plunged Into A World of Stagnant, Murky Horror!

METRO-GOLDWYN-MIRE
presents

Descent Into A Clogged Sink-Trap

WITH

Christopher PLUMBER ● Thelma ROOTER ● SOAPY Safes ● Tammy GRIME ● FATS Domino ● Greta GARBAGE ● PIPE Laurie

and in their first movie roles: The TRAP Family Singers

The Special "Key" was lost! And the Opener Wouldn't work! Could they do the Job in Time?

STARRING:

THE GREAT SARDINE CAN OPENING

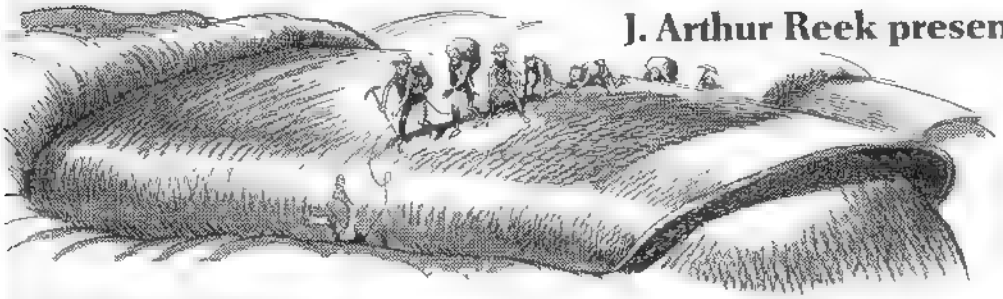
Produced by Newton MINNOW ● Written by Virgil PERCH ● Directed by Alfred FISHCAKE ● Narrated by Robert TROUT ● Music by Victor PORGY

Their Path Was Blocked By A **GIANT BUNION!**

Their Mission Was Threatened By An **INFLAMED CUTICLE!**

And Everywhere They Turned . . . The Same **OVERPOWERING SMELL!**

STILL—THEY MARCHED ON TO RELIEVE THE PAIN!



J. Arthur Reek presents:

SAFARI TO AN INGROWN TOENAIL

STARRING:

Maria **CALLOUS** • Art **CORNY** • Victor **BUNION** • Frederic **ARCH** • Howard **HEEL** • **INGROWN** Stevens • Maximilian **SCHOLL** & Patric'a **NAIL**

FEATURING THE TITLE SONG: "I Went Right Up And Kissed Her On That Big Enormous Blister!"

**What Do They Do On A Rainy Night In Jersey City

THEY WERE WILLING TO DIE—SO THAT AN ENGINE MIGHT LIVE!

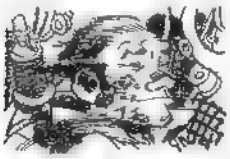
Auto Preminger presents:

VOYAGE TO A VALVE JOB

MIKE . . . who nearly blew a gasket, and the job, when he lost his bearings!

ANN . . . who shocked the others when she strayed too near a hot sparkplug!

DR. YERBY . . . who was shot out of the tailpipe, and ended up exhausted!



SIDNEY . . . who strained himself exploring the carburetor air-cleaner!

STARRING:

Deborah **CAR** • **ROD** Taylor • Vittorio **GASPUMP** • **OIL** Hollimon • **FILTER** Foster • Alexander **KNOCKS**

"Hits A New High In Thrills, Adventure and Grease-Packing!"
—Road & Track

THE TELEPHONE OPERATOR WOULD NOT RETURN THE DIME! THERE WAS ONLY ONE WAY TO GET IT BACK! CALL IN...

THE PAY-PHONE AVENGERS

Thrills!

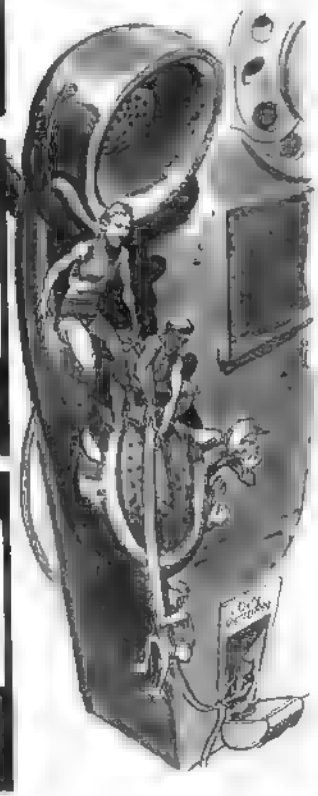
—AS THE PAY PHONE AVENGERS OUTWIT A **GIANT SLUG!**

Suspense!

—AS DR. FAVERSHAM ENDURES THE DREADED **BUSY SIGNAL!**

Intrigue!

—AS CROSSED WIRES RESULT IN A STRANGE **WRONG NUMBER!**



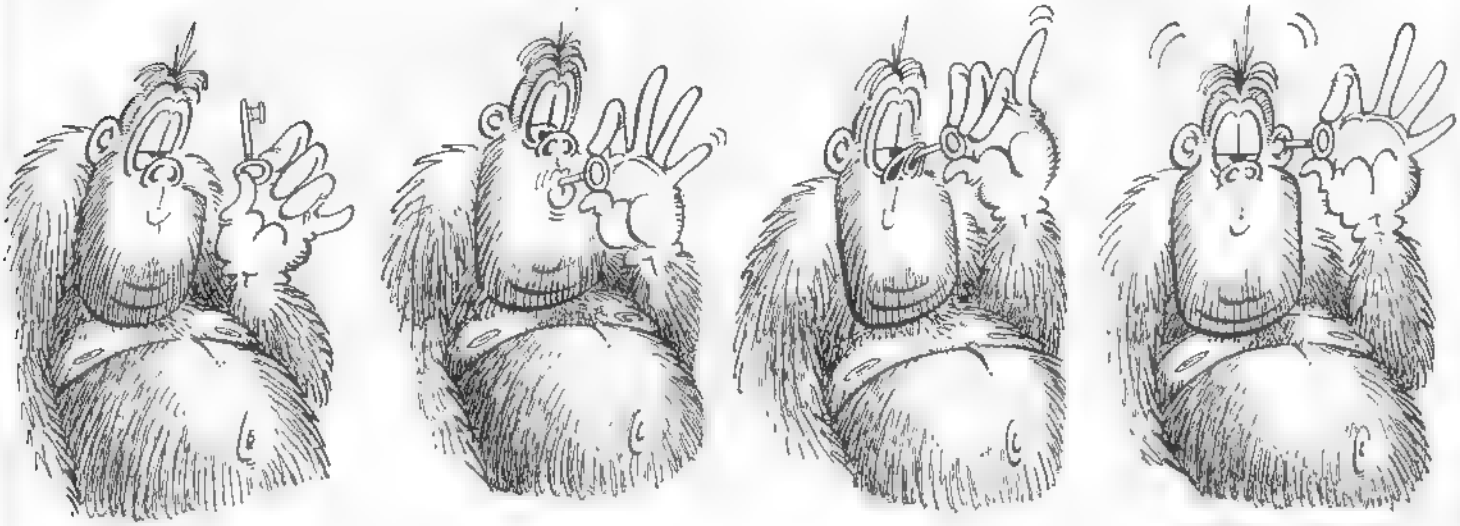
WITH

Barbara **NICKEL** • Franchot **TONE** • **DIAL** Bettger • Michael **COIN** • **BELL** Barth • **RINGO** Starr

Based on Story by BOOTH TARKINGTON Directed by CALL FOREMAN

DON MARTIN DEPT. PART II

THE SMARTEST APE IN CAPTIVITY



**What Kind Of Shnook Am I?

MILLINARY PARADE DEPT.

Every Easter, we're treated to (and nauseated by) the wild Easter Bonnets women celebrities

MAD EASTER

THE JOHNSON
Cloche

THE MARTIN
Boater

THE KOUFAX
Turban

THE MacNAMARA
Floradora

THE CASSIUS
Chignon

THE HEFNER
Tam

wear. Just for a change, what we'd really like to see are these . . .

BONNETS DESIGNED FOR MALE CELEBRITIES

WRITTEN AND PRODUCED BY MAX BRANDEL

PHOTOS BY U P I & WORLD WIDE

THE GLENN
Toque

THE FIDEL
Shlyapa

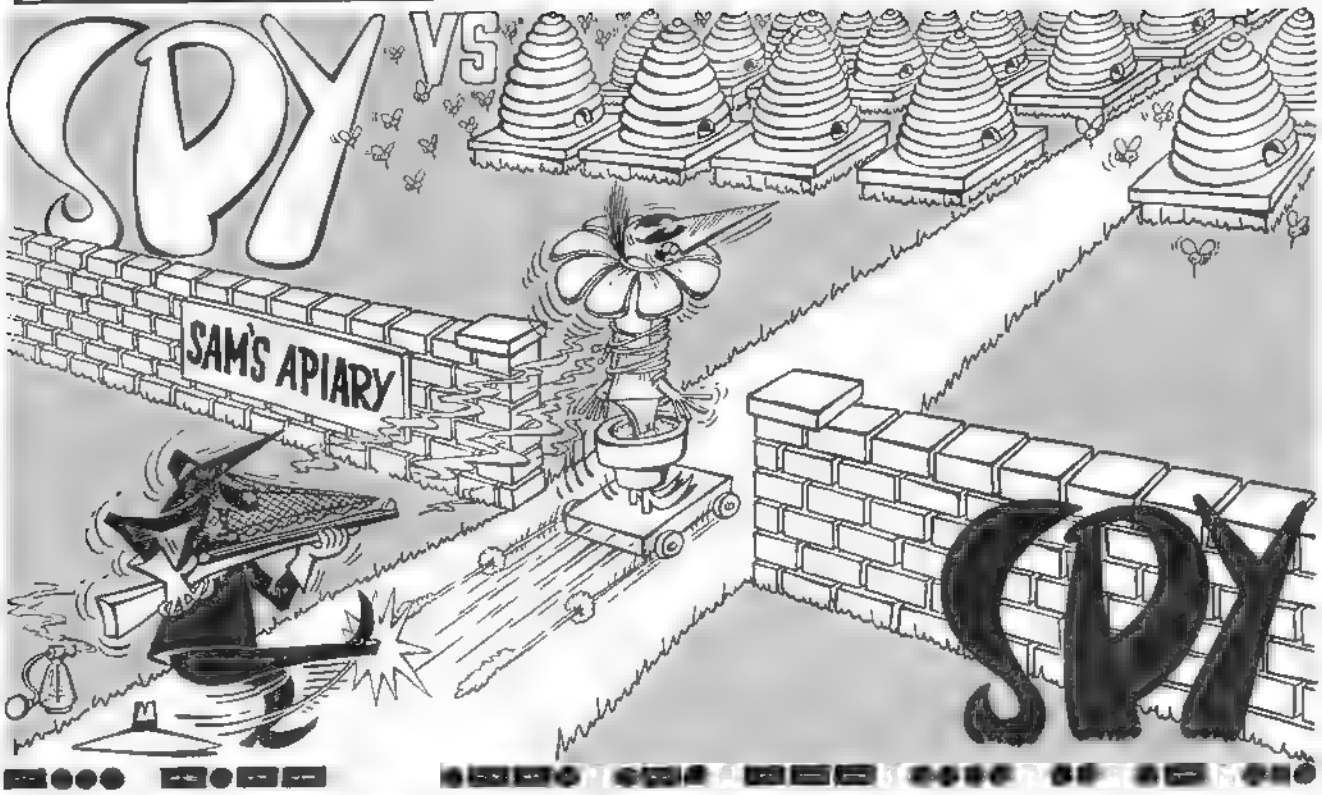
THE HOPE
Bandeau

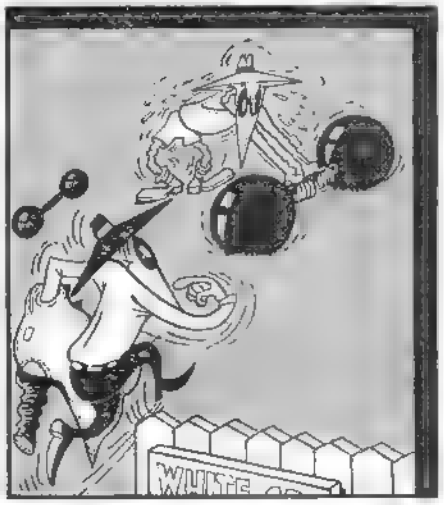
THE WARREN
Diadem

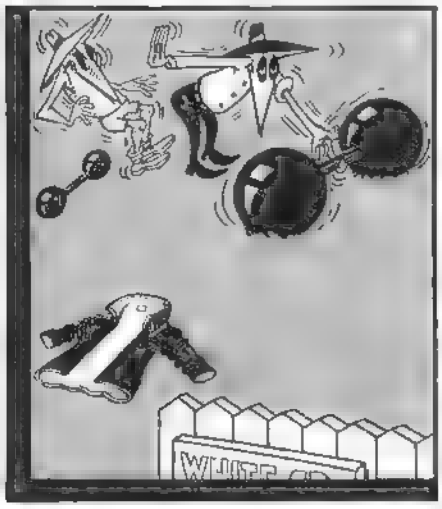
THE GOLDBERG
Topper

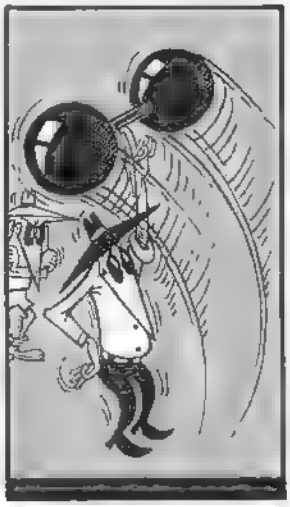
THE CHAMBERLAIN
Straw

JOKE AND DAGGER DEPT. PART II









"I'd Like To Get You On A Slow Boat To Nova Scotia"

PAST AND UNPLEASANT DEPT.

Why wait around a thousand years for Man to make it so miserable for some gentle, harmless species of animal that it finally becomes extinct? See it happening today—right in your own town—your own neighborhood! Yes, Man, with his inherent qualities of greed and sloth, is fouling up the simple social orders to such an extent that even some Human types are actually becoming extinct. You'll see what we mean as we now present some excerpts from . . .

THE MAD GUIDEBOOK TO VANISHING HUMAN TYPES

AND THEIR MODERN REPLACEMENTS

ARTIST: GEORGE WOODBRIDGE WRITER: ELIZABETH WRIGHT, JR

THE INEXPENSIVE HANDYMAN

(Fixit Domesticus)

NATURAL HABITAT

The "Fix-Up-And-Make-Do" *Inexpensive Handyman* was usually spotted in a cluttered-up little shop, knee-deep in broken vacuum cleaners, pop-up toasters, electric fans and clocks.

RECOGNIZABLE FEATURES

He was easily identified by the pencil behind his ear, the screwdriver jutting out of his bulging pockets, and the old oil-stained overalls upon which he wiped his greasy hands.

CHARACTER TRAITS

He was known to take a modest pride in his ability to save a customer money by improvising a part to replace the one no longer made for an out-moded but well-built appliance.

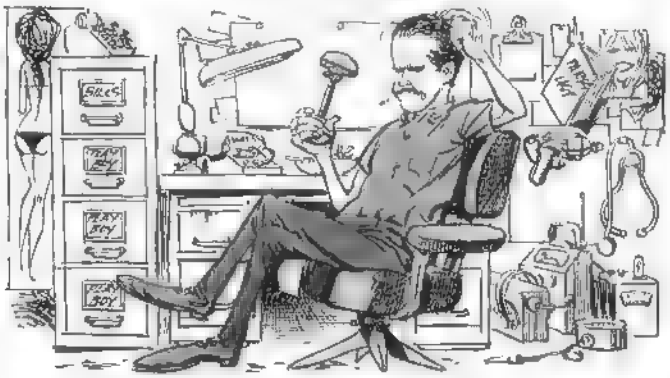
USUALLY HEARD SAYING:

"Shucks, I should pay YOU for giving me a chance to work on this wonderful old thing. A buck-and-a-half is plenty!"

The **"INEXPENSIVE HANDYMAN"** is rapidly being replaced by:

THE SPECIALIZED SERVICE TECHNICIAN

(Con Jobus Maximus)



NATURAL HABITAT

The modern "Fast-Buck" *Service Technician* is usually found on a job with his head buried in a copy of "Playboy" while being paid by the hour—or, if he is self-employed, boxing several supposedly "defective" parts he's removed from one appliance—to be installed as "new" when servicing another.

RECOGNIZABLE FEATURES

He is easily identified by the bill he presents containing illegibly-scrawled double-talk and a huge "Service Charge".

CHARACTER TRAITS

He is known to talk like an expert on sports, politics and world affairs (—or anything but his own field!) to keep a customer from asking questions he really couldn't answer.

USUALLY HEARD SAYING:

"It's in pretty bad shape! It's gotta go back to the shop!"

THE OLD-FASHIONED GRANDMOTHER

(Nana Affectionatus)

NATURAL HABITAT

The gentle *Old-Fashioned Grandmother* was most often seen near a stove, producing a variety of now-extinct foods—like fluffy home-made bread, fried chicken and gooey apple pie—all of which she was fond of sharing with young folks.

RECOGNIZABLE FEATURES

The "Granny" was easily identified by her billowing figure, her neat hair pulled back in a bun, her wrinkled face—free of greasy make-up, and her huge clean flowered apron.

CHARACTER TRAITS

She was never known to panic in an emergency; she believed that a woman's place was in the home; and she devoted her life to caring for her one mate—"THE RESPECTED GRANDPA".

USUALLY HEARD SAYING:

"Come in! I'm happy to see you! Have some Chicken Soup!"

The **"OLD-FASHIONED GRANNY"** is rapidly being replaced by:

THE FACE-LIFTED DOWAGER

(Haggus Neuroticus)

NATURAL HABITAT

The *Modern Grandmother* is usually found at resorts, bingo parlors or bars . . . any place but her home. Does not like to be seen with children who might call her "Grandma" or "Nana" or anything else that would disclose her real age.

RECOGNIZABLE FEATURES

She is easily identified by her scrawny, emaciated figure—the results of eating low-calorie, diet-fad foods—and her brilliantly colored and styled hair, which looks as if she's just left a Beauty Parlor—which, of course, she has.

CHARACTER TRAITS

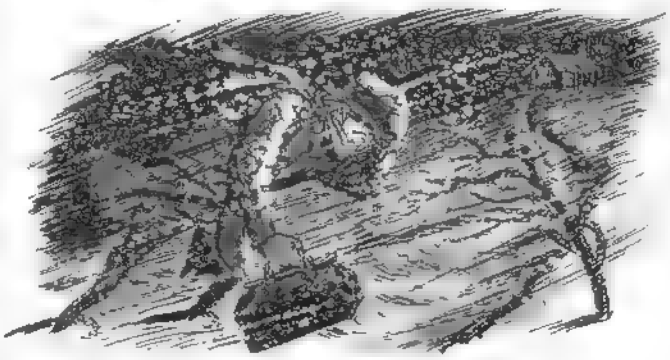
She is known to panic and become unstrung whenever she is visited by grandchildren, resorting to tranquilizers until they leave. She often survives her mate, who is so bugged by her incessant nagging demands that he finally kicks off, leaving the huge insurance policy she now lives it up on.

USUALLY HEARD SAYING:

"Do you know, they think my daughter and I are Sisters?"

THE G.P. FAMILY DOCTOR

(Servum Infirmus)



NATURAL HABITAT

If the genial General Practitioner was not out on a house-call, he was always found keeping long hours in his office.

RECOGNIZABLE FEATURES

He was easily identified by his wrinkled suit, which often looked as though it had been slept in—which it had—and a look of deep concern for his patients—which he also had.

CHARACTER TRAITS

He was known to take his Hippocratic Oath seriously, to know the medical history of each member of the family, and to call patients several times a day to check on progress.

USUALLY HEARD SAYING:

"Please don't worry about it! You'll pay me when you can!"

The **"G.P. FAMILY DOCTOR"** is being rapidly replaced by . . .

THE UNAPPROACHABLE SPECIALIST

(Prestigius et Wealthum)

NATURAL HABITAT

The modern Specialist is most often found on golf courses, in banks, in courts, defending himself against malpractice suits, or at meetings organized to fight against Medicare.

RECOGNIZABLE FEATURES

He is easily identified roosting in his sterile glass-and-steel medical suite where strict office hours are observed.

CHARACTER TRAITS

He displays a never-waivering faith in the rallying-powers of the sick and injured by continuing to insist that they make their way to his office during "hours," and there to wait for him . . . and wait . . . and wait . . . and die waiting.

USUALLY HEARD SAYING:

"Take two aspirins, drink plenty of liquids, stay in bed, and call me in about a week if you don't feel any better!"

THE SWEET LITTLE KID

(Cutus Tykus)

NATURAL HABITAT

The *Sweet Little Kid* was usually found running down to the Grocery Store for his mother or washing the family car for his father or helping some poor old lady cross the street.

RECOGNIZABLE FEATURES

He was easily identified by that brave, bright smile he'd always display, despite adversities—and his neat, combed, scrubbed appearance, despite his family's financial status.

CHARACTER TRAITS

He was know to show a deep sense of gratitude when taken to the Circus once a year or treated to a Malt—addressing grown-ups with such now-extinct words as "Sir" and "Ma'am".

USUALLY HEARD SAYING:

"No, thank you! I couldn't take money for doing a favor!"

The **"SWEET LITTLE KID"** is rapidly being replaced by . . .

THE SPOILED BRAT

(Obnoxious Horribilis)

NATURAL HABITAT

He is easily identified by his mean, nasty expression and his habit of spitting at anyone who mentions good manners.

RECOGNIZABLE FEATURES

The modern obnoxious Spoiled Brat can often be seen on the Living Room floor, kicking and screaming and having one of his typical temper tantrums when he's not getting his way.

CHARACTER TRAITS

He not only accepts money, but takes it without asking—is happiest when snitching on someone or kicking crutches out from cripples—and has never been known to say "Thank You".

USUALLY HEARD SAYING:

"You mean this junk is ALL I'm getting for my Birthday?"

**There's No Business like The Used Car Business

THE EFFICIENT SALESPERSON

(Customerus Semper Rightius)

NATURAL HABITAT

The eager, courteous Efficient Salesperson could always be found at her counter, helping a confused customer, or back in the stock room, checking on what is and isn't available.

RECOGNIZABLE FEATURES

She was easily identified by a warm smile and an immediate willingness to acknowledge the customer's obvious presence.

CHARACTER TRAITS

She was known for her honest attempts to meet a customer's needs and price range, and if a product proved faulty, she would show concern and personally see to it that the item was immediately replaced or the price cheerfully refunded.

USUALLY HEARD SAYING:

"Don't buy it today! We're having a sale on it Saturday!"

The **"EFFICIENT SALESPERSON"** is being rapidly replaced by·

THE INDIFFERENT CLOCKWATCHER

(Ignorus Et Non Cooperativus)

NATURAL HABITAT

The modern Indifferent Clockwatcher can usually be spotted gathered in clumps behind counters, gossiping and giggling.

RECOGNIZABLE FEATURES

She is easily identified by the back of her head, which is quickly turned toward you if she sees you looking for her.

CHARACTER TRAITS

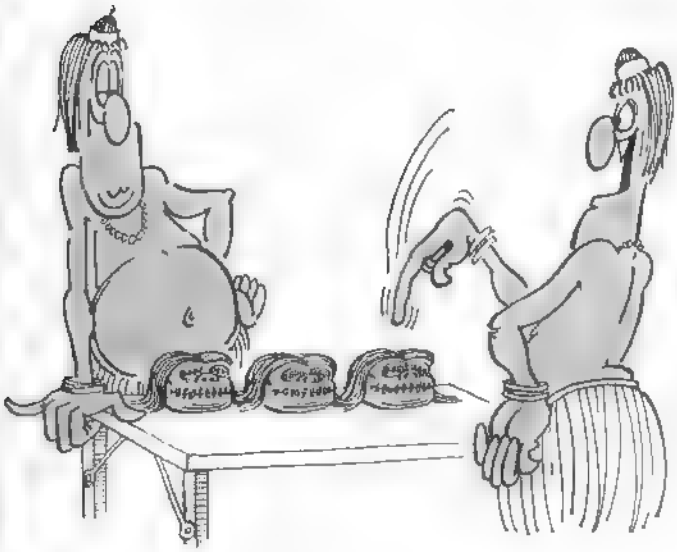
She is known to adhere to some honor-bound code to impart no information whatsoever about merchandise, to possess an ability to make every customer who approaches feel like an intruder upon her privacy, and to move at an irritatingly slow pace, especially when a parking meter is ticking low.

USUALLY HEARD SAYING:

"Sorry, it's not my department!" or "I'm on my lunch hour!"

DON MARTIN DEPT. PART III

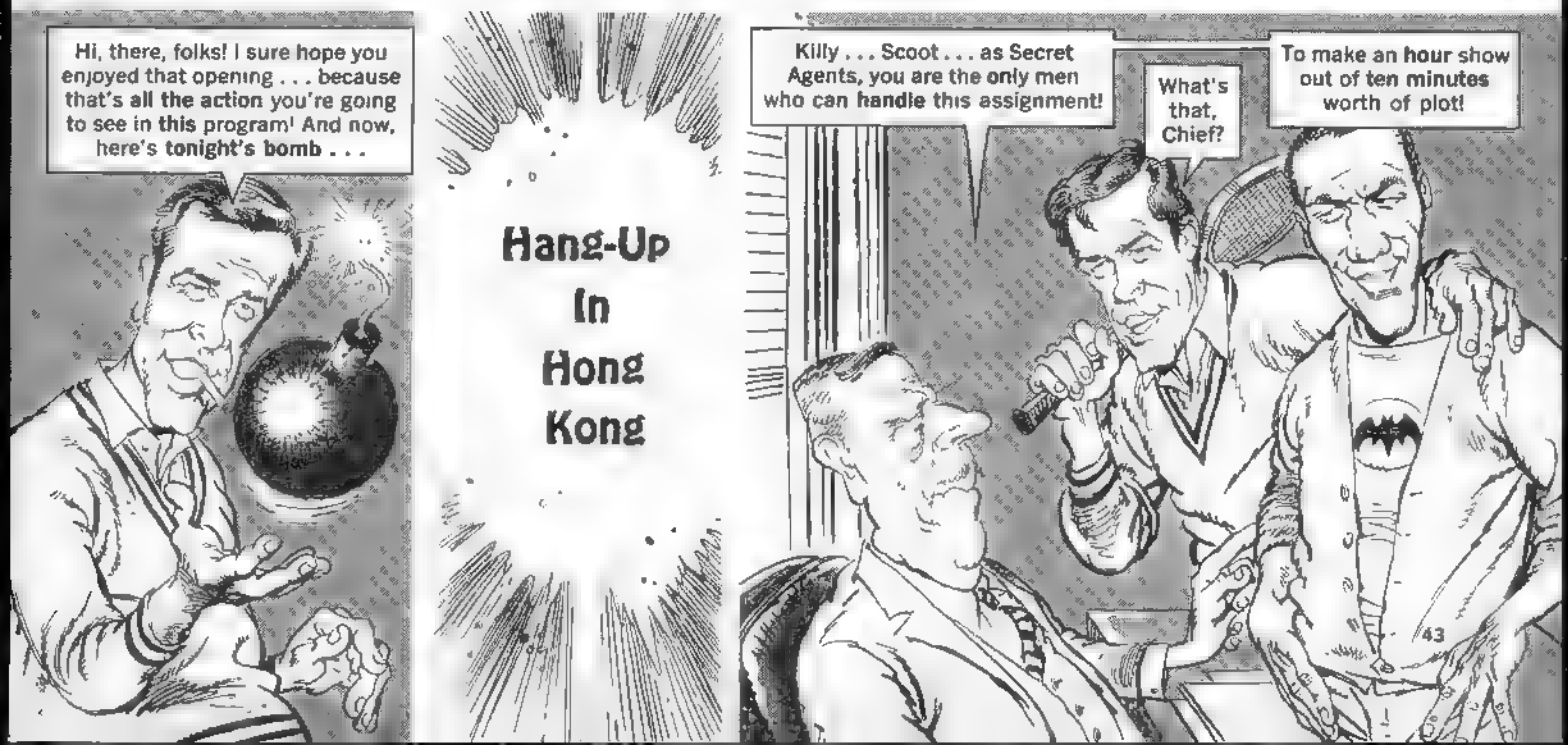
GAMBLING IN THE AMAZON



CAUSTIC AGENTS DEPT.

Well, let's see. We have "Super" Secret Agents, like James Bond... and then we have "Stupid" Secret Agents, like Maxwell Smart. So what's left? How about Secret Agents who don't do anything but talk? Oh? You say you don't think the idea will work? Then you haven't caught the TV series that opens each week like this:

ARTIST: MORT DRUCKER WRITER: STAN HART



This is Louise LaFlesche, the West's most important Atomic Physicist! The Chinese Reds have kidnapped her, and they've completely brainwashed her!

That's awful! Looks to me like they should have dry-cleaned her!

Scooty, please! Let me get the plot out of the way before you start with your time-wasting, clever remarks!

GENTLEMAN'S BI-MONTHLY ATOMIC PHYSICIST OF THE MONTH

We just intercepted this message! Read it!

As you know I'm an expert in 20 languages! Unfortunately, they're all DEAD languages! Hmmm! I don't seem to be able to translate this one!

Idiot! It's in English!

No wonder! Got any messages in Sanscrit— or Swahili?

It says that Miss LaFlesche will be in Hong Kong to attend the International Convention of Atomic Physicists! It's up to you two to get her away from the Reds! Wake up Killy, and take off!

But he is awake!

Really! How can you tell?

When he's asleep, he hangs a "Do Not Disturb" sign around his neck!

I wonder why the Chief picked US to send on this secret mission?

It's obvious! We're smart! We've got initiative! And most important—

HONG K
AIRP

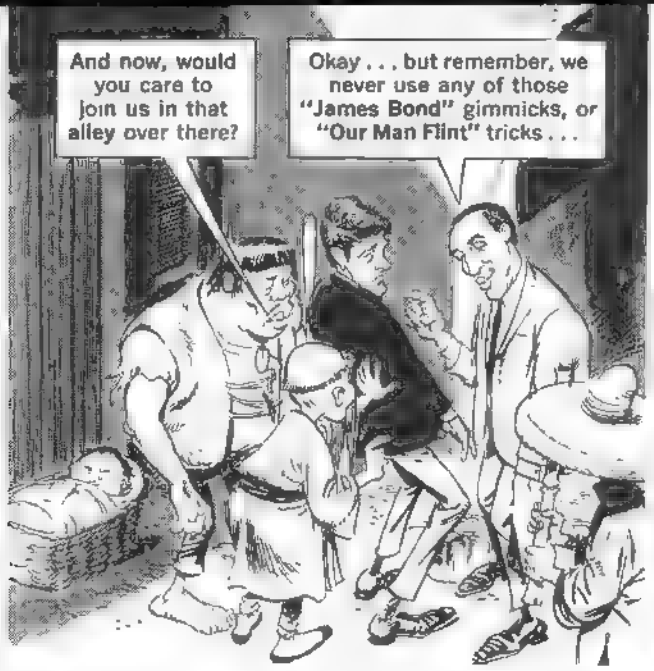
**When They Begin The Gavotte

We can do it without attracting attention!

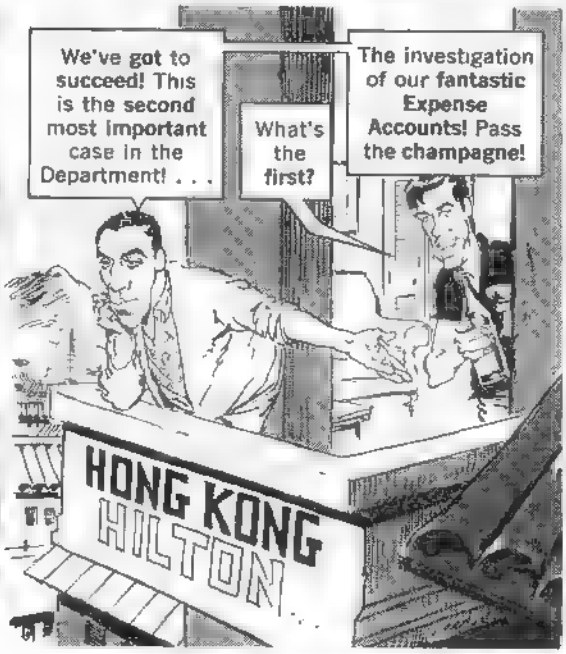
We have been observing you, and you interest my friends and me! You are quite remarkable!

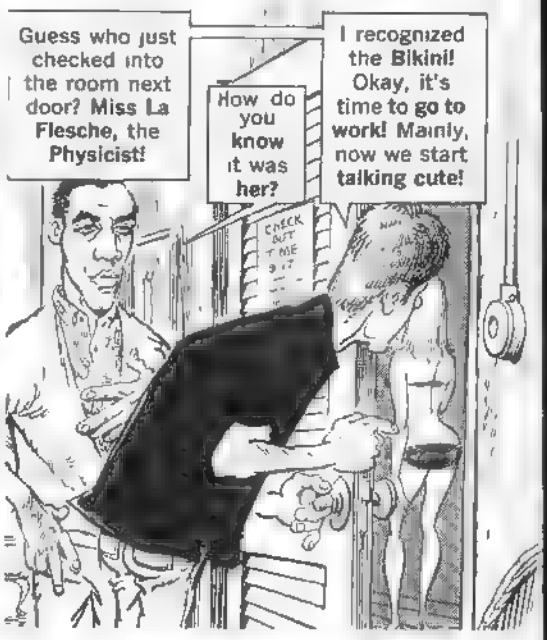
Really!? In what way?

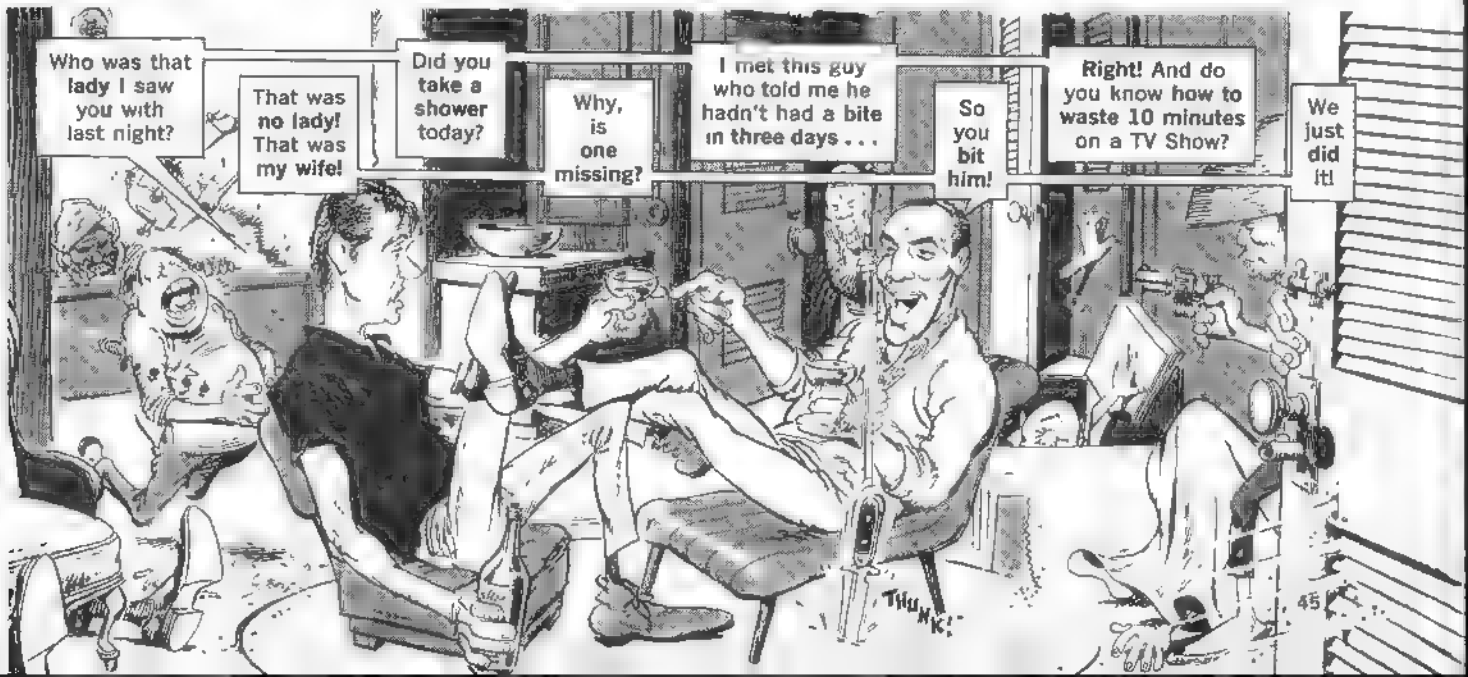
You are even more inscrutable than we are!



**Happiness Is Just A Thing Called Irving







Hello, there! I'm . . .
I love you!
But we've never even met! How could you love me? I'm not what I appear to be!
I know! You're pretending to be a Secret Agent to cover-up what you really are . . . a Tennis Bum!
No, no! You've got it all wrong! I'll just have to come into your room and explain it to-o-OOOOPS!
CRACK!
Oh, those mean men! They've knocked you unconscious!
Actually, I'm wide awake!
Oh! Well, it's so hard to tell!
Where are you going with him?
We're taking him someplace to kill him!
Why can't you kill him here?
That's impossible! You must always take a TV Hero someplace else to kill him! Otherwise, he has no chance of escaping!
Hey! What's going on here?
They're getting away! We've got to stop them!
Okay . . we'll chat FAST!
How's your wife?
Compared to whom?
I see you got a haircut!
No, I got them all cut!
What's the weather like in Mexico?
Chili, today! Hot tamale!
You got a match?
Yeah, my dog and your face!

Now comes the big fake-out part of the show!

Yeah, three minutes of location shots so the audience thinks the whole episode was done in Hong Kong!

But isn't that kinda stupid?

Don't knock a free vacation!

But I don't need a free vacation!

I'm talking about the producer and his family!

Remember, Killy, our job is not only to find the Atomic Physicist—

I know! We are also U.S. Ambassadors of Good Will!

Hey, Killy! Did you ever notice . . . every time we chase someone, that jazzy music starts?

Yeah . . Shall we dance?

Y'know something, Killy? You've really got rhythm!

We all do! We're born with it!

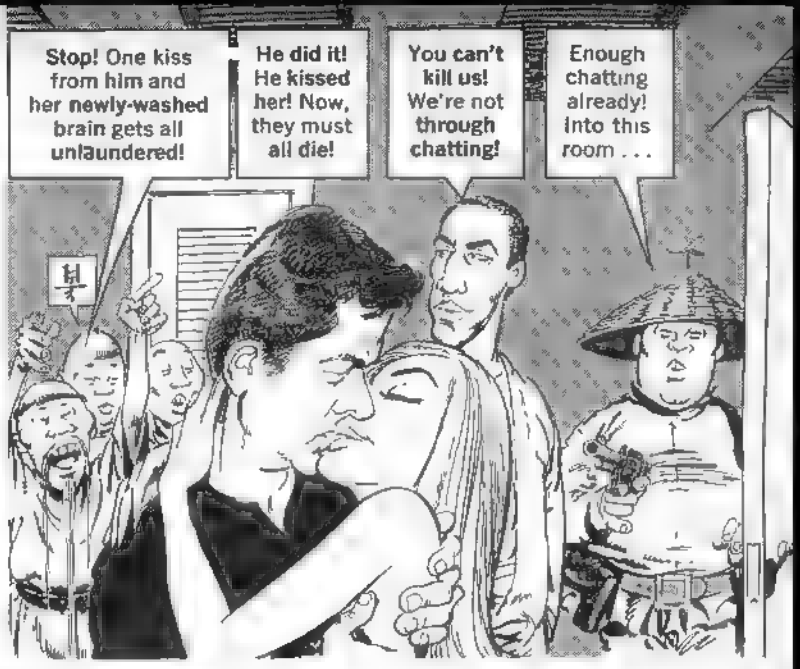
CLUNK! CLUNK!

Ah-ha! American Agents! Now, we have you both! You will be surprised to learn that this is not the real Atomic Physicist!

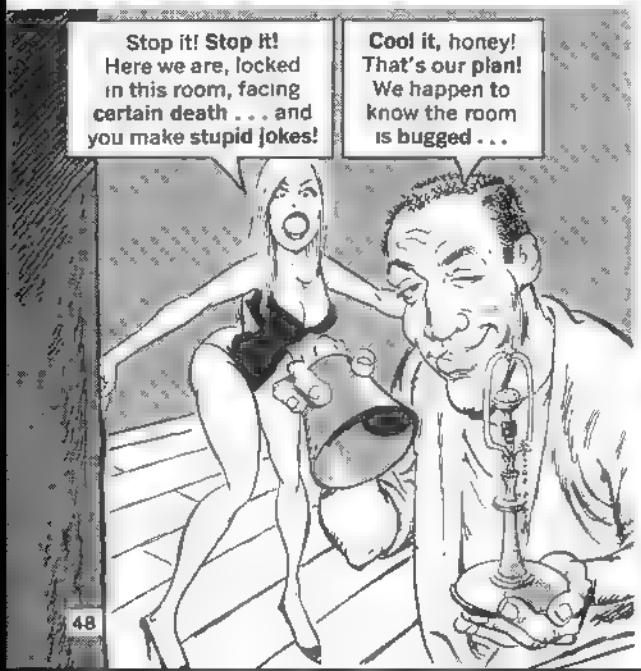
Aw, we knew that all along!

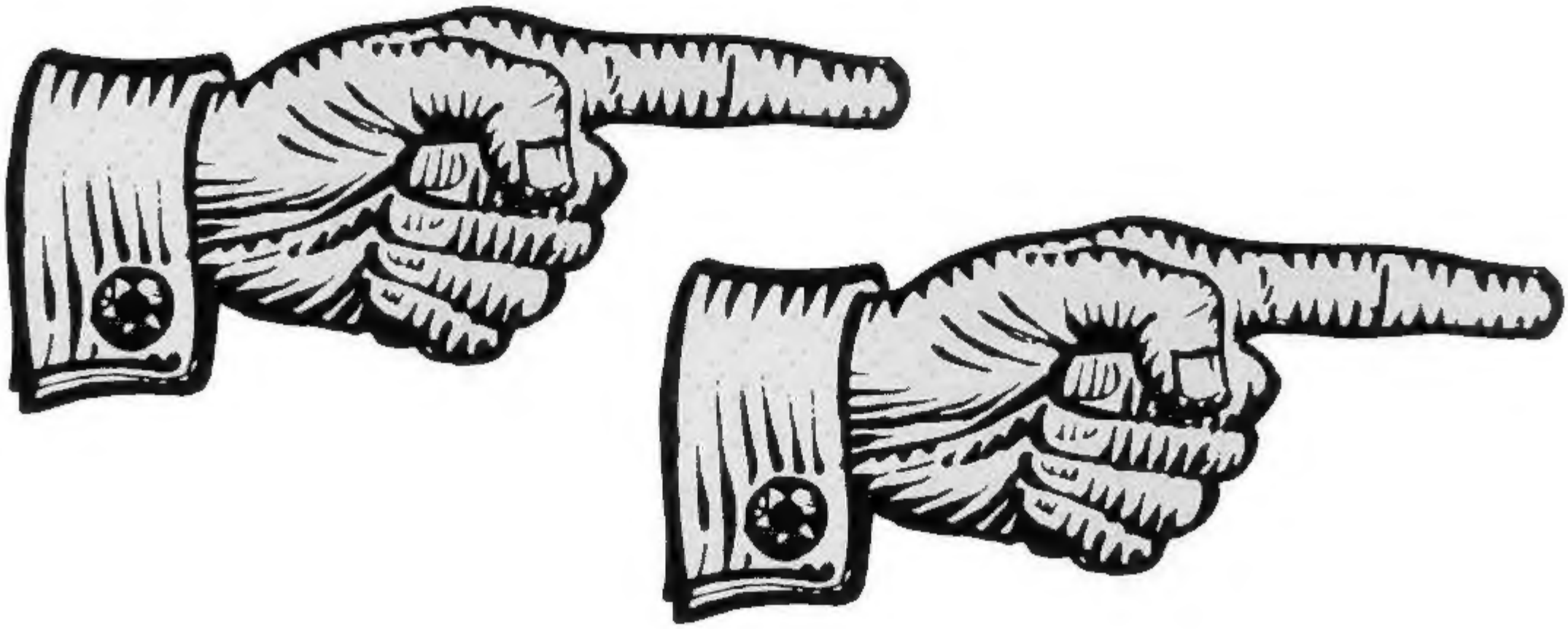
And how did you know?

She's not pretty enough to be an Atomic Physicist in a Television Show!



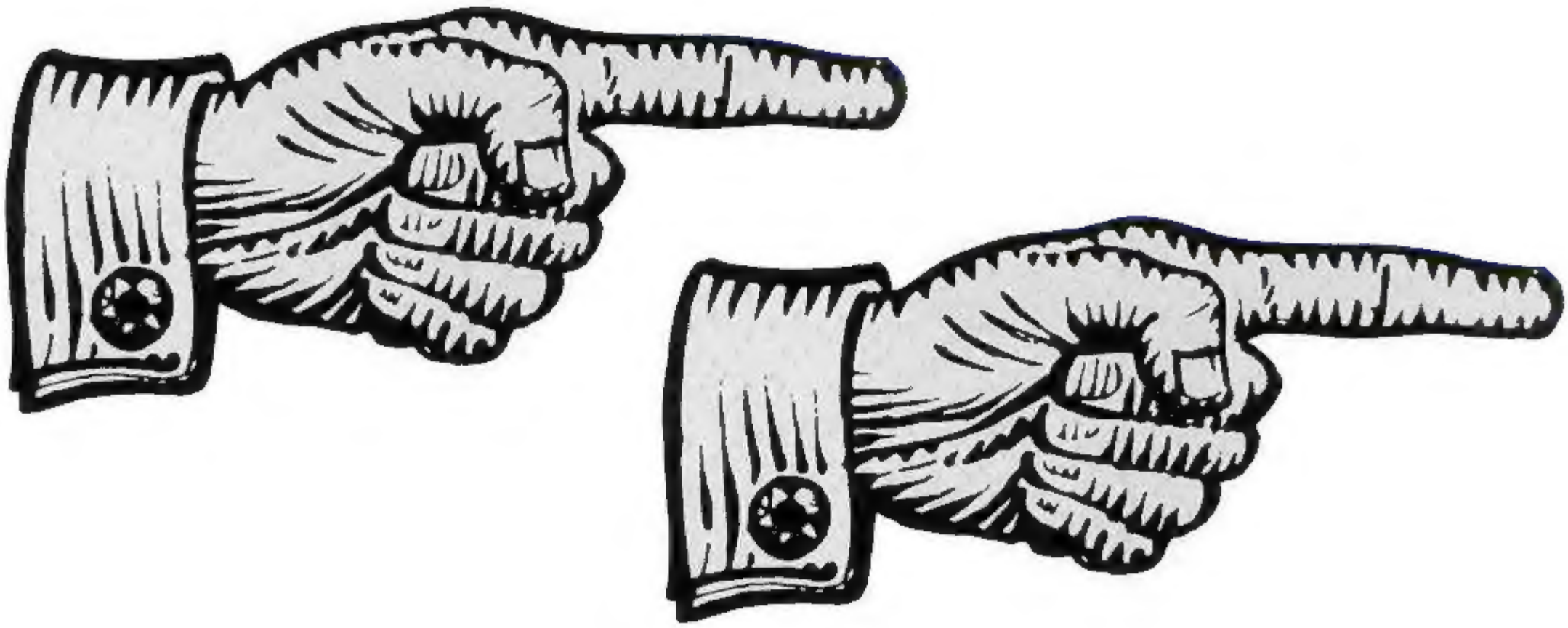
**I Left My Heart In San Diego





Nothing to see here!

Please skip ahead.



WHAT DEADLY KILLER THREATENS US ALL?

HERE WE GO WITH ANOTHER RIDICULOUS

MAD FOLD-IN

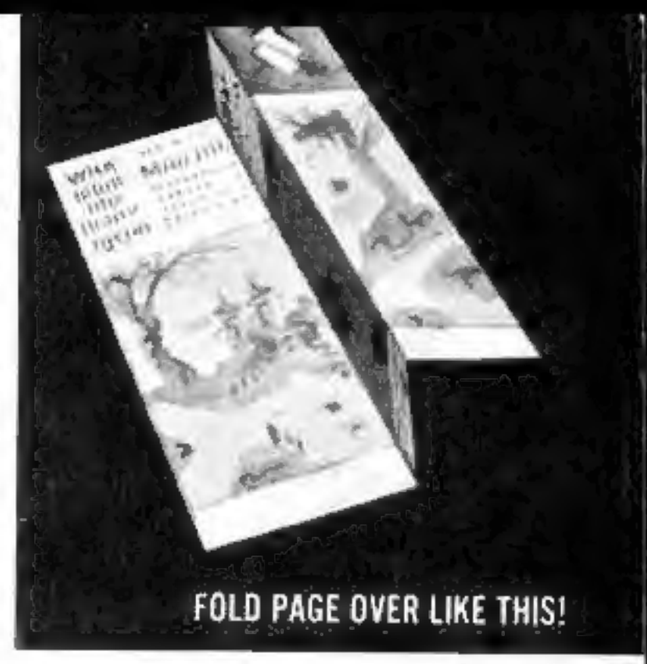
Behind this tranquil Spring scene, danger lurks. A deadly killer is at work, quietly claiming one victim after another. Can you spot him? Fold page in as shown, and you'll find out who this insidious, unseen enemy is.

A▶ FOLD THIS SECTION OVER LEFT ◀B FOLD BACK SO "A" MEETS "B"

POLICEMEN ALONE CANNOT HELP IN THE SOLUTION OF THIS PROBLEM. IT'S EVERYONE'S AFFAIR AND WE EITHER FIGHT NOW . . . OR WE DIE LATER

A▶ ◀B

WHAT DEADLY KILLER THREATENS US ALL?



A ◄ B FOLD BACK SO "A" MEETS "B"

POLLUTION OF AIR AND WATER

A ►◄ B

Color Photography by Irving Schild

The Super Drunk:

We put one together to show you the effects of Scotch.

Recently, we set the stage for another of our ridiculous MAD "Ad Satires." We went down to Skid Row and gathered up five alcohol-soaked Bums who, like the Scotch Whisky they guzzle, finally ended up on the rocks.

When You Indulge In
Scotch To Excess
You Eventually Have To

PAY THE PIPER